Together

Bright New Trend in Adoption

WORLD METHODIST UNION?

Preacher Smith, Frontier Martyr

A Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families — August 1961

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Fairest Lord Jesus

Fairest Lord Jesus . . .

"LIKE A stained glass window come to life," was one member's reaction. "A new and fresh approach to the meaning of many of our fine hymns," said the pastor.

These are typical of the superlatives heard following performances of the "interpretive choir" at First Methodist Church, Lawrence, Kans. Organized by Mrs. Diana Schellenberg, the group consists of a hidden vocalist and junior-high girls who use head, hand, and arm motions to add visual dimension to the words and rhythm of sacred music. Costumes are simple and inexpensive, but the girls are well rehearsed. "One performer out of rhythm," says Mrs. Schellenberg, "is as noticeable as an entire soprano section singing flat on a loud A!" Churches of other denominations have developed such choirs, but the idea is new to most Methodists. Says the pastor, Dr. A. F. Bramble: "We use the choir four to seven times a year, and would like to use it even more often."

Here, in pictures, is how they do a favorite hymn.

2. . . . Ruler of all nature,

3. . . . O Thou of God

4. . . . and Man

5. . . . the Son,

6. . . . Thee will I cherish,

7. . . . Thee will I honor,

8. . . . Thee, my soul's Glory, Joy,

9. . . . and Crown.

TOGETHER/NEWS EDITION

San Francisco Area

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Bishop Donald H. Tippett, right, checks United Methodist Crusade plans with the chairman, Cliff Pettygrove, who made progress report at Conference on the fall appeal.

Conference Launches 1961-62 Program

After counting a new high membership of 124,058 and accepting a new high budget of $1,546,873, the California-Nevada Conference closed its annual six-day session June 18.

The membership figure is a 3.72 per cent increase for the past year, during which four new churches were organized. The new budget is up 8 per cent.

Total giving in the Conference hit $9,416,532 for all purposes, including over $919,000 for conference and world-wide missionary and service projects.

More than 400 ministers were appointed to the 377 churches of the conference, and to other special assignments. Twenty-six new ministers were ordained, while 12 of long service were voted retired status.

More than 600 ministerial and laymen members of the conference conducted the annual business. Laymen re-elected Dr. Clare Pettit of Parlier as Conference lay leader for a third year.

All eight of the district superintendents of the Conference were continued: Clifford Crummey, Golden Gate District; Gene Carter, Bay View; Carl Walker, Redwood Empire; Shirley Sherrill, Shasta; Kenneth Adams, Sacramento-Nevada; Charles Lord, Central; Herbert Neale, San Jose; and Robert Boswell, Fresno.

Statistical reports of the Conference year revealed problems as well as progress.

(Continued on page A-2)

Twelve Ministers Retire, Nineteen Are Ordained

Twelve ministers and one deaconess received retired status in The Methodist Church in closing sessions of the Annual Conference at Stockton. Nineteen were ordained or elected to ordination.

Longest in service of the retiring group is Dr. Julian C. McPheeters, president of Asbury Theological Seminary in Kentucky, and a former long-time pastor of Glide Memorial Church, San Francisco. He entered the ministry in 1909.

Others are Dr. Warren A. Bonner of Napa, a former district superintendent, who has served 42 years; Paul K. Corley of Meridian, 30 years; Oscar G. Gibson of Antioch, 38 years; Roy C. Saferite of Kernville, 33 years; Dr. F. Marion Smith of Berkeley, 38 years; Daniel W. Stevens of Cupertino, 36 years; Edward B. Thomas of Courtland, 39 years; William S. Traweek of Corning, 31 years; Navy Chaplain E. Richard Barnes of New Orleans, 29 years; James Mahoney of El Camino; Richard J. Troughton of Boulder Creek, and Deaconess Harriett L. Perry of Valley Springs. Cities mentioned are the latest appointments before retirement.

Ordained as elders and received into full Conference membership were Franklin D. Burkhart, John L. Dodson, John M. Foster, Ronald A. Greilich, Stanley L. Simpson and James F. White.

Ordained as deacons were Raymond G. Baines, Gary S. Butler, Gerhard P. Drumm, John M. Fugitt, Galen H. Griswold, Daniel J. Harper, Jun W. Jue, Robert R. Roberts, Ronald F. Stilwell, and Henry B. Whitney, Jr. Elected deacons for ordination elsewhere were Victor I. Matson, Jr., Ronald F. Murdoff, William D. Porter.

Kathryn S. McCain of Carlmont, and the Rev. Walter T. Swearengin of San Leandro were consecrated as ministers of music. Consecrated as ministers of Christian education were the Rev. Maurice B. Cheek, Dos Palos; James H. Corson, Sacramento; and Charles B. Milburn, Madera.

NaFOMM Conference

The biennial meeting of the National Fellowship of Methodist Musicians will be held August 6-11 at California Western University, San Diego. About 400 church directors and ministers of music and other church musicians are expected to attend, and more than 20 leaders will give instruction concerning aspects of church music.

(Continued from page A-1)

Church-school enrollment continued a three-year decline, losing 3,533 members. So concerned was the Conference about this trend that it instructed Bishop Donald H. Tippett to appoint a special, interboard committee to thoroughly study the causes and cures of the continued drop.

Officers and Teachers Increase

Almost all the loss is in the children's division, and not because of a lack of instructors. Officers and teachers increased by 737 during the year. Youth attendance was up, and attendance increased for evening fellowships and other additional educational sessions for children, youth, and adults. But the conventional Sunday morning church-school hour for juniors appears to be slipping.

While the total investment of California-Nevada Conference Methodists through their churches was at a new peak, their average individual performance was not improved. Per capita giving shrunk slightly from $76.50 per member to $75.90. And while membership was the greatest ever, the pace of growth was slowed. More than 1,000 fewer members were received than in 1959-60. Twenty-seven churches received more than 100, but 27 others received none. A net loss in membership was reported by 105.

The expansion of the church related vocational field was reflected in the consecration of four men as ministers of Christian education, one woman and one man as ministers of music, and three women as directors of music.

Advance in the leadership of the layman was indicated by the certification of 12 as "lay speakers," an official status which now may be earned by prescribed study. Lay speakers will help to fill pulpits where there is need.

By 501-5 vote the Conference approved a proposed amendment to the general constitution of The Methodist Church. It would permit an increase of delegates to the quadrennial general conferences from 900 to 1,400 and provide greater flexibility in the assignment of bishops to their areas of residence. Significance of the vote count is in the fact that two-thirds of all members of all 100 of the Annual Conferences must approve the amendment.

Other Actions

Only the *Journal* of the Conference can publish the complete proceedings of the annual session. Samplings from other actions include:

Approval of a Board of Education recommendation of a joint committee to develop an overseas service project for this Conference for the summer of 1963.

Set salaries of district superintendents at $7,550 and minimum salaries of married ministers at $4,000.

Expressed its concern for the progress of Protestant unity by calling for Bishop Tippett to appoint a committee to recommend the structure by which the conference may express its hope for unity.

Published *Cross in the Sunset* by Leon L. Loofbourow, a history of 50 years of California Methodism and distributed the first copies.

Presented a prevue performance of a color and sound filmstrip to be made available to the churches for illustrating the vital work of the four conference agencies which will be supported by the United Methodist Crusade, and accepted a progress report of the UMC committee indicating plans are on schedule for the fall campaign.

Project Industrial Evangelism

Projected for the coming year a program of industrial evangelism, calling for three convocations of ministers, labor leaders, and industrialists—one of which was scheduled for February 17-18.

Heard the report of Dr. Elliott Fisher of Chicago that this conference had contributed $21,000 to the April 30 "talking drums" appeal for African aid and the prediction that the national total would pass one and a half million, "the biggest single collection in Methodist history."

Elected more than 400 laymen and ministers to the many boards, commissions and committees of the conference through which its program is developed.

Acceptance for Responsibility

Strongly reflecting Methodism's traditional acceptance of responsibility for human progress in all fields, the Conference adopted a striking list of resolutions presented by the Commission on Christian Social Concerns. A few of these are: (1) Asked local-church commissions to obtain signatures for an "open housing" pledge to welcome residence of all races in any home area. (2) Telegraphed President Kennedy commending U. S. Peace Corps plans. (3) Endorsed the United Nations "freedom from hunger" program calling for education and research on foodstuffs. (4) Called for "constant alertness" to situations which jeopardize the separation of church and state: requests for public moneys for parochial schools, government scholarships for religious education at sectarian schools, appointment of diplomatic representatives to the Vatican, denial of birth control information, and religious restrictions on medicine and surgery in public hospitals affecting the practice of gynecology.

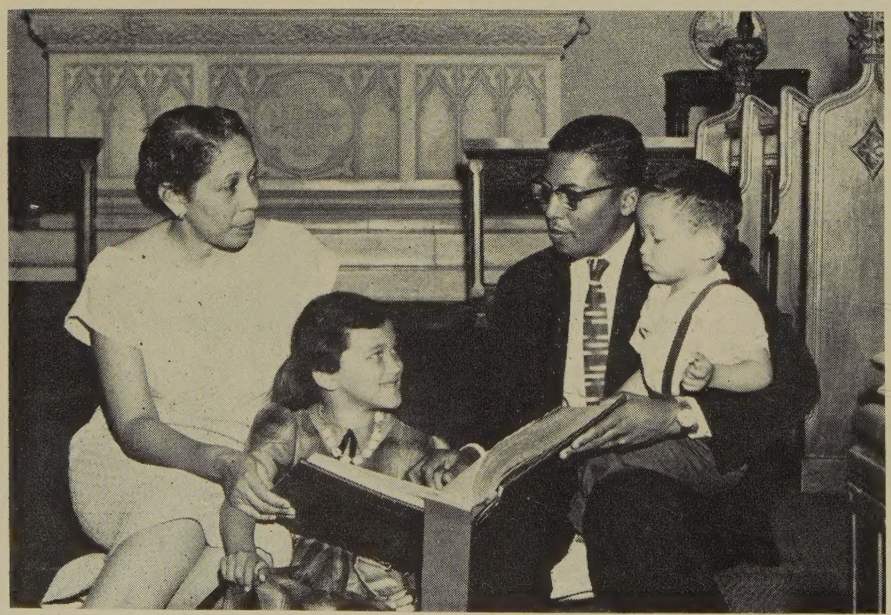
Baker Award Winners

Two California ministers have been awarded $1,000 Baker scholarships, grants by the Methodist General Board of Education to train ministers for professional leadership in Wesley Foundations.

Gerner and Gelwick

The award winners, Henry L. Gerner of San Jose and Richard L. Gelwick of Berkeley, both plan to study at Pacific School of Religion, working toward doctor of theology degrees. Gerner is Methodist campus minister at San Jose State College. Gelwick is a member of the Virginia Annual Conference who has been studying at PSR.

Part of the National Methodist Scholarship program, the annual Baker Awards honor retired Bishop James C. Baker of Claremont. Funds for the awards come from contributions made each year in local churches on Methodist Student Day.



Visitors at annual conference to tell of their work in Sarawak, Borneo, were California-Nevada missionaries Tom and Jennie Harris and children, Diana and John Allen.

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Second-class postage has been paid in Nashville, Tenn.

Alum Rock Youth Enter Christian Service

The claims of Christian service appear to be strongly stated at Alum Rock Church, if the following article from the *Alum Rocket* about several of its youth may be taken as evidence:

"Sandra Shepherd has received a Fellowship to work toward her master's degree at Gallaudet College, Washington, D.C. Sandra will specialize in teaching the deaf. Gary Colliver, has been elected president of the Methodist Student Movement at University of the Pacific. Marian Wendorf has received a National Science Foundation grant to do research in microbiology at University of California at Davis this summer. She will enter Davis as a freshman in September as a biology major. Phyllis Bird has received a scholarship to enter Union Theological Seminary, New York City, in September. During the summer Phyllis will be assistant supervisor of Our Cabana World Girl Guides and Girl Scout Center, Cuernavaca, Mex. Fred Bird has a Rockefeller Grant for Harvard Divinity School which he will enter in September. Fred is graduating from Harvard College magna cum laude in history this month. He will work as chaplain counselor with the Philadelphia Boy Scouts this summer and with the migrant workers in New York City."

Theologian Retires

"Have a sense of pride that this remarkable lady is a Methodist," said the Rev. Edward Smith, Jr., of Walnut Creek recently in his church's newsletter, *Walnut Leaves,* of Dr. Georgia Harkness.

A few weeks later the retirement of the remarkable lady was marked by her delivery of the commencement address for the Pacific School of Religion. World renowned theologian and author of 16 books, Dr. Harkness has been professor of applied theology at PSR since 1950.

Previously she taught theology at Garrett Biblical Institute in Evanston, Ill., and philosophy and religion at Elmira and Mount Holyoke Colleges.

The most recent of her books are *The Modern Rival of Christian Faith,* and *Toward Understanding the Bible.* In 1947 her *Prayer and the Common Life* was co-winner of the Abingdon-Cokesbury Award for the book which would "accomplish the greatest good for the Christian Faith and Christian living among all people." In a poll conducted that year by *The Christian Advocate* she was voted one of the 10 most influential living Methodists.

Miss Harkness is an ordained minister of The Methodist Church and has preached from many distinguished pulpits and college chapels. She has had wide ecumenical experience, having attended the Oxford, Madras, and Amsterdam Conferences and numerous other ecumenical gatherings. World peace has long been one of her vital interests, and she was long a member of the Methodist Board of Social and Economic Relations. In 1952 *The Christian Century,* regarding her as one of six leading American churchwomen, carried an account of her life and activities which appeared in the issue of September 24, 1952. Her home is in Berkeley.

Conference Quotes

Bishop Donald H. Tippett: ". . . for beyond your thought there are contributions that you are making that you know not of. If you have responded to the call of God, somehow he can use you—I know not how, nor do you—beyond your thought and beyond mine, God can use you."

Wilbur Korfhage: "The odds are against us; there are four alcoholic beverage outlets for every church, of any denomination, in California."

Marvin Stuart: "The church can go only as far and as fast as the laymen will go. They will support what they help to create."

Ernest C. Colwell: "Communism can overcome us only if we sell our souls for money."

Carl E. Walker: "It's too easy for us to fit into society and allow society to direct what we do about social concerns. . . . Being fearful that we might be called Communist, we hestitate to come out strongly for peace."

Myron Herrell: "Cynics of our time voice the old theme that there are no more frontiers, nothing really worth struggling or sacrificing for. But it's a big lie! There's plenty to 'bruise your hands, or bleed or die for.' "

Dr. Georgia Harkness

Refugee Picnic Held

Over 100 persons from all parts of the Conference gathered at Roeding Park in Fresno on Memorial Day for a Dutch-American Refugee Picnic sponsored by the Conference Committee on Refugee Resettlement. Following a potluck style picnic, featuring American, Dutch, and Indonesian dishes a varied program was presented.

In charge of the arrangements and master of ceremonies was the Rev. J. Alvin Crawford of McFarland. Greetings of the Conference were brought by the Rev. Douglas H. Henderson, pastor of St. Stephen's Church of Oakland, head of the Conference Committee on Refugee Resettlement. Dr. Dillon W. Throckmorton, Heifer Project, Inc. representative, also spoke briefly. All talks were translated into Dutch for the benefit of the newcomers to our country.

The program ended with musical selections by the singing Hendriks family, who were brought in recently by First Church of Palo Alto.

Those present voted unanimously to hold a similar affair on a larger basis next year in Memorial Day at Fresno, and to invite all former Dutch Indonesian Refugees who now live within the bounds of our Annual Conference.

Is Anybody Reading?

A decline in nursery attendance at the Paradise Church, Shasta District, was predicted for June by the church's *Monthly Messenger:* "Gains may more than offset the loss, but Susan and Laura Sanford will be changing their nursery attendance to the Mayaguez Union Church of Puerto Rico where their father has accepted a call to be pastor. The Sanfords will leave about the first of June."

The newsletter editor explained, in parentheses, that she backed into this announcement "to see if anyone reads the Monthly Messenger."

Sanford is leaving the church he established six years ago, his first charge after graduation from Pacific School of Religion. He is a former student association president at the University of the Pacific. His new charge he describes as "a broadly interdenominational church ministering to the English-speaking community."

Dr. Gaither P. Warfield, general secretary of the Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief, has announced the appointment of Dr. E. Harold Mohn of Palo Alto as a part-time Consulting Representative on the West Coast, beginning August 1.

The new staff representative is widely known throughout The Methodist Church for his 12 years as general secretary of the Commission on Promotion and Cultivation.

New Appointments

Conference time meant moving time for many families. Changes in appointments and churches to be supplied include these:

Bayview District

Albany.....Claude H. Friesen
Antioch.....Ralph M. Pedersen, Jr.
Oakland: Laurel.....Don S. Fleming
Melrose.....Paul D. Foster
Montclair.....Robert L. Schlager

Central District

Coulterville.....Steven G. Smith
Courtland.....John W. Brown
Dos Palos.....Maurice B. Cheek
Hughson.....Clarence Freeman
Jamestown (also Sonora).....William C. Eddy
Knights Ferry.....Steven G. Smith
Lodi (associate).....Joseph Kennedy
Madera (associate).....Charles B. Milburn
Manteca (assistant).....H. Louise Perry
Merced.....Wayne M. Kessel
Sonora (also Jamestown).....William C. Eddy
Soulsbyville (also Tuolumne).....Robert Tanner
Stockton: Central (associate),
Robert M. McCallister
Tuolumne (also Soulsbyville).....Robert Tanner
Valley Springs.....Lary Self

Fresno District

Alpaugh.....(To be supplied)
Armona.....Herman Holler
Bakersfield: Bethany Chapel..Manuel V. Gaxiola
Corcoran.....J. Stanley Bellinger
Dinuba.....E. Lester Lewis
Fresno: Calwa.....Fred Baker
First (associate).....E. Julius Davis
Kerman.....Wilford Smith
Lamont.....Richard A. Bastear
Riverbend.....(To be supplied)
San Joaquin.....Frank Favalora
Springville.....(To be supplied)
Weldon-Highland Chapel.....Ivan J. Ball

Golden Gate District

San Francisco: Epworth and Grace,
Elmer W. J. Schmitt
Epworth and Grace (associate),
William P. Miller
Parkside and St. Francis..Norman G. Callaway
Wesley Foundation.....Alfred S. Dale, Jr.
San Mateo: Crystal Springs....George P. Carter

Redwood Empire District

Anderson Valley.....David Strait
Clearlake Highlands.....Ralph W. Crawford
Cutten.....James H. Jones
Forestville and Occidental.....Ronald Stilwell
Napa: First (associate).....John H. Pearson, Jr.
Santa Rosa (assistant).....Verdette Walters
Terra Linda.....Harold A. Tillinghast, Jr.
Vacaville.....C. Wesley Grisham
Vallejo: First.....Harold C. Coleman
Terrace Community.....Howard C. Black
Windsor.....E. Lee Brigdon

Sacramento-Nevada District

Auburn.....Hartzell E. Buckner
Carson City, Nevada.....Eugene D. Alexander
Carson Valley Parish-Gardnerville,
Coleville, Nevada.....John Robie
Del Paso Heights: Aldersgate..(To be supplied)
Dixon.....Clifford Droke
Elverta.....(To be supplied)
Kings Beach.....Richard W. Fowler
Orangevale.....Correll M. Julian
Reno, Nevada: First (associate),
Wesley H. Osman
Sacramento: Emanuel.....Ruben Luevano
Gardendale.....(To be supplied)
Wesley Foundation.....(To be supplied)
Smith Valley and Yerrington, Nevada
Robert O. Smith
Sparks, Nevada.....Olan A. Terrell
Truckee-High Sierra Parish...Clarence Crawford
Winnemuca, Nevada.....Charles A. Silberstein

San Jose District

Boulder Creek.....(To be supplied)
Cambrian Park (associate)....Byron Lee Roberts
Campbell (associate).....Quenton Prather
Freedom.....George Green
Milpitas: Sunny Hills.....Thomas W. Hicks
Mountain View: El Buen Pastor,
Ezekiel Alvarado
Prunedale.....Melvin A. Tinker
San Jose: Alum Rock.....Russell Van Alen
Calvary (assistant).....Marvin Miller
Wesley Foundation.....J. Benton White
St. Paul's (associate).....Roy C. Saferite

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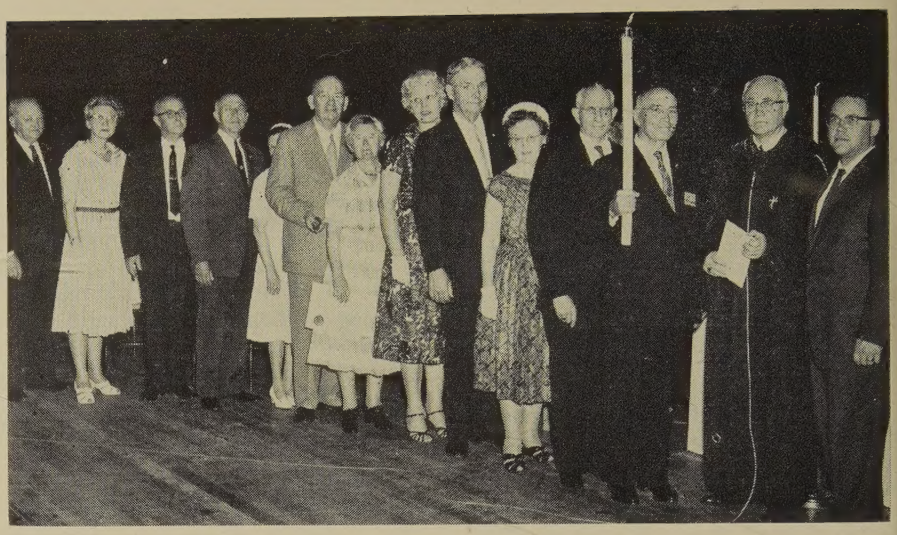


Dr. Julian C. McPheeters, longest in service among men and women retiring from active conference membership approaches Bishop Tippett before he passes the symbolic torch to the Rev. John Dodson representing the class of incoming ministers. Behind Dr. McPheeters are some of the others who have earned retirement status.

Conference exhibits help to tell the story of two United Methodist Crusade agencies.

RIDING THE CIRCUIT

lot Without Honor

At the First Church of Loomis, 11 embers were honored "for the fifty ars since becoming Christians."

Reported among many Methodist youth holarship winners are Guy Funabiki of ge Mill Church, Palo Alto, to Stanford niversity; Jervy Smith of First Church, nger, as an exchange student to Ger- any; Jacquelyn Jackson of Shattuck venue Church, Oakland, for two schol- ships: one by Stanford University and California State scholarship; Carolyn yer of First Church, Modesto, for a udy grant in Salzburg, Austria; and lory Bevien of Geneva Avenue Church, n Francisco, awarded the National cretaries Scholarship.

Director of the Broadway Nursery of rst Church, Oakland, Mrs. Jean Moor- ead, has been selected to serve on a ate-wide committee to study day-care d nursery school programs.

From First Church, Sacramento, comes ord that one of their student members, nn Steward, of Redlands University, ill be the only California girl selected one of twenty guest editors of *Made- oiselle Magazine.*

With their float, "The Missionary irit," the MYF won first place in a rade during the Pocohantas celebration Ukiah.

Member of Wesley Church Bakersfield, mothy Stout, was selected from a field 53 contestants in the piano division the Kern Philharmonic Auditions. He as presented in a public concert in the arvey Auditorium of that city.

Academic honors went to Randy Ran- ll and Brian Sonner of First Church, racy, who served their high school grad- ting class as valedictorian and class eaker, respectively.

For her contributions to education rough the Youth Authority, Miss Helen acGregor, of Shattuck Avenue Church, akland, has been named an honorary ember of Delta Kappa Gamma, an ucational honor sorority.

In the Florin Church, members are yful over winning first prize at the ring Festival with their display of Grandma's Old Fashioned Garden."

Among finalists at the Miss California ntest in Santa Cruz was Geraldine ahle, "Miss Monterey." She is a First urch youth leader and an interna- onal relations major at UOP.

Another beautiful Methodist, Janice rber, is "Miss South San Francisco." ember of St. Paul's Church, she is olden Gate District secretary of the YF.

Burke Pease, son of San Francisco esidio Methodist Chaplain and Mrs. ul Pease, won the National Forensic ague Tournament Trophy at Lowell gh.

Geraldine Kahle
Methodist "Miss Monterey County"

Seventh-grader John Farley of Grace Church, Stockton, has completed all requirements for the God and Country Award, rare Boy Scout honor.

Fifth-grader David Jones, son of Cloverdale pastor and Mrs. Bruce Jones, spelled down the best in the annual Cloverdale Elementary School spelling bee in May. An eighth-grader, Leona Stokes, was runnerup.

Life of an Idea

"May is a month in which we dedicate our own family units and the household of God once again to a more complete commitment to His Kingdom on earth and to the eternal life with which He endowed us," reports Martin Crabb of the Healdsburg Federated Church. The pattern included: Family Week observed with an all-family church picnic on May 7 and Mother's Day on May 14, Pentecost Sunday on May 21 "to honor the anniversary of the time when Christians came to be the family of God," and Memorial Sunday on May 28 to remember those who have "kept the faith and are now at rest in our Lord."

Also at the Healdsburg Church, a Brazil Benefit was held to aid missionaries Pat and Stu Billings, toward the building of a hospital nursery at Rio Verdes.

The intermediate class of Ukiah Church has adopted a Korean baby through the interdenominational organization, Christian Children's Fund, with orphanages in 27 countries. Children can be "adopted" by the payment of a nominal monthly fee.

Members of Glide Memorial Church, San Francisco, were asked to lend a hand and a brush recently toward the painting of the interior of the Chinese Church on Washington Street. "It is not only a Methodist Church," *Chimes of Glide* reminds us, "but is used during the week as a school for teaching English and citizenship to the newly arrived Chinese and for teaching the Chinese language to children. Bob Irving is president of Gliders, the group from Glide which donated time to the project.

First Church in Fresno held its 16th annual Over-Eighty-Party. The Fellowship Class sponsored the afternoon event.

In memory of Dr. Eiji Hawamorita, the California Japanese Church Federation has set up a Memorial Scholarship Fund, the interest from which will provide annual aid to a worthy Japanese theological seminary student in Japan. The aim of the $3,000 fund, contributed at a suggested $1.00 per person from among members and friends, is to "perpetuate Dr. Kawamorita's spiritual impact upon the West Coast and be a missionary endeavor of the Federation beyond their immediate boundary."

Calvary Church, San Francisco, held a May Strawberry Festival featuring everything from a "dazzling strawberry blonde entertainer" to "strawberry julep." "Ye Olde Tyme Auction" offered everything from "one man's weatherproof, shockproof, gold watch" to "Mystery Boxes for women" along with "ye olde antiques."

From *The Chinese World,* published in San Francisco:

"The other day President Kennedy received 21 little rice bags in his mail. They were sent to him from members of St. Mark's Church in Stockton, who wanted to dramatize the need of people in China who can use some of the surplus food.

"Frances Taeger, a member of the church, promoted the idea and has also suggested that all who are interested write to their congressional leaders, urging that the tons of surplus food in storage bins be used to help the hungry people not only of China, but of the entire world.

The office of First Church, Burlingame, will supply to its members the necessary forms either for Eye Bank or for donating one's body after death for medical study.

Anticipating an All Nations Dinner in September, each Sunday school class at the Visalia Church was given the names and addresses of three missionaries to whom they will write.

The third-grade class of the church school of First Church, Turlock, made Easter baskets for the children's ward at the County Hospital in Modesto.

Fairmont Hospital is on the list for services offered by the WSCS of Grace Church, Oakland. Choir director, Pauline Ramsey, has been working there in music therapy "replete with electric piano and phonograph." Four patients were recently picked up and taken out to tea. "One of the guests," Florence York, Sue Hall and Louise Urch reported, "had not been out of the hospital in 30 years!" Florence Gilham regularly sends clippings to another patient, while Carrie Christopherson helps to feed paralytics.

Through the *Vine* we learn that Carlmont Church of San Carlos has named its sanctuary-parlor area *Clark Hall.* The designation honors retired minister A. H.

(Continued on page A-8)

People and Places

Sharing her rich experiences in a special service sponsored by the Commission on Missions of First Church, Redwood City, Mrs. Donald H. Tippett was a recent pulpit speaker. To the same church, Floyd and May Crouse have recently returned from South America.

In the Methodist parsonage at First Church, Martinez, the John William Taylors held open house following an afternoon consecration service on June 4.

As a result of a visit of Dr. and Mrs. Taro Goto to Kofu a year and a half ago, Lodi (where the Gotos live) is a Sister City of Kofu, Japan. The mayor of Kofu, Mr. Takano, planned an official visit of three days to Lodi to further the good will between the two cities.

When the First Church of Lodi featured a book display in their narthex to celebrate National Library Week, librarian Amy Boynton recommended among other books *The Life and Teachings of Jesus* by Edward Bauman.

Many churches in the conference reported their enjoyment of the University of Pacific's a capella choir while it was on its annual spring tour.

Continuing sponsorship of youth in the International Christian Exchange program has been announced by First Church, Burlingame. Miss Evelyn Horning, of the MYF, has been chosen to represent the church in Germany next year. Miss Ilse Massholder of Heidelberg will attend Burlingame High School. Besides the European exchange, which included Joni Hall of the Burlingame church, now in Sweden, the church this year has had Yayomi Hirayama of Tokyo as the guest of church families while she has studied choral direction and the organ with Earl Jones and John McIntosh of the music staff.

A letter received from Elisabethville, Katanga, from a former pastor of the Elmhurst Church in Oakland, Richard Kendall, reports: "We live in a country under tension. . . . The Katanga is a former province of the Belgian Congo which declared its independence at the height of the troubles last July. . . . Yet, the work of the church must go on. . . . The only way we can do justice to our call is to do our work as if we were expecting to be here for many years—as well we might. . . . My work seems to be divided into three areas: counselor to the city churches, general supervision of our city social work program, and teaching English. Evelyn, of course, is raising a family, but she also has the responsibility, along with another missionary wife, of counseling the women's groups in the city. Please don't take too seriously the wild reports you read about the Congo in your newspapers. We are finding that a great deal of what has happened has been exaggerated."

Mrs. Frances Taeger has been appointed executive secretary of the Stockton Council of Churches. Mrs. Taeger has lived in Stockton most of the time since she graduated from the University of the Pacific Department of Religious Education in 1942. She also studied at Garrett Biblical Institute, is a member of St. Mark's Church, and is secretary of the Public Relations Commission of the San Francisco Area.

Edwin Sweet, minister of First, Reno, announced that Dean Bender, a young member of the church, recently became an Eagle Scout in a Court of Honor held in their Fireside Hall. Another member, Dorthianne Cook was elected Queen of Mackay Day at the University of Nevada.

Mrs. Noma Wilken preached her eighth annual Mother's Day sermon in Fresno's Grace Church on May 14.

Trinity Church of Berkeley recently announced bids had been let for their sanctuary beautification project. Actual work was to begin in June according to minister C. Douglas Hayward.

Mr. Harold Mueller, organist of Trinity Episcopal Church, was guest artist in San Francisco Temple Church at the dedication of a Casavant organ in May. Completly paid for, the instrument is valued at $25,000.

The Sunday supplement, *Peninsula Living,* recently carried a feature on the Lawrence Washington family of Palo Alto First Church. "The throne of a monarchy might today be occupied," states that paper, "by his great-great-grandnephew—Lawrence Washington of Palo Alto—if George Washington had acceded to the will of those who wanted a Washington-led monarchy back in 1781." George Washington had no children, but the family line was carried on by his brother Samuel. The current heir of the family reports that life has not been quiet since *Life* magazine wrote an article about him. Mr. Washington, a reseach engineer with a peninsula firm, was also guest on a recent nationwide TV broadcast.

That a theater can turn church is illustrated by the photograph of Varsity Theater in the *Methodist Bulletin* of First Church of Palo Alto. In "the worshipful atmosphere . . . when arranged for our church services" members will worship while a new sanctuary is being constructed on the old church site.

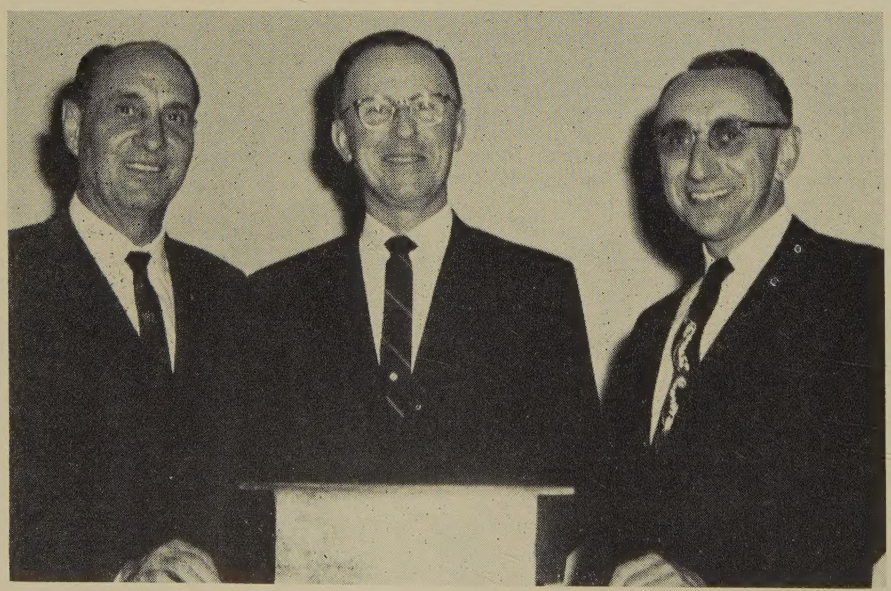
Roy Nichols, pastor of Downs Memorial Church in Oakland, was a guest speaker for the young adults of St. Paul's in San Jose. Superintendent of Elementary Schools of Sunnyvale, Dr. Henry Molina, spoke to Methodist Men of that city on "Educational Opportunities in this Community."

Dr. Norman Conard of Glide Memorial Church in San Francisco and the Rev. Robert Lundy, accompanied by Mrs. Lundy, of St. Paul's Church, South San Francisco, were California-Nevada Conference members of an evangelistic mission to Hawaii in May, headed by Dr. Lawrence L. Lacour of Nashville, staff member of the General Board of Evangelism.

Tomorrow Is a Day is the family problem drama selected for presentation by the drama group of First Church, Modesto.

Members of the MYF of Alum Rock Church, San Jose, spent five days of their Easter vacation working at the Indian Mission Church at Round Valley.

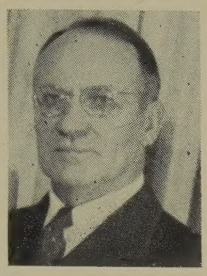
In the pulpit at First Church, Oakland, on June 4, Kenneth Peterson, Minister of Education, concluded his services in California. He and Mrs. Peterson and their four children left for Gig Harbor, Washington, where he will serve as pastor of the Methodist church.



Ben Kellner, left, layman of Trinity Church, Bakersfield, turns over the presidency of the Greater Bakersfield Council of Churches to the Rev. Ralph Bolick, right, pastor of St. Mark's, Bakersfield. Center, is the Rev. Dr. Charles E. Lord, Superintendent of Central District and former pastor of Trinity. The annual Layman of the Year award went to Kellner for outstanding service to the council.

Methodist Men in the News

Selected as "one of the country's most outstanding churchmen" is A. Ray Neptune, member of the First Church of Burlingame since 1929. Notice of his selection to this singular honor came to him from the Honorable Tom C. Clark, Justice of the Supreme Court. The choice was the result of a nation-wide survey sponsored by the Religious Heritage of America organization of which Justice Clark is honorary chairman.



A. Ray Neptune

Participating in the University of Nevada's 71st baccalaureate service was Robert Irwin of First Church, Reno. He is campus pastor and director of Wesley House.

When the San Francisco Council of Churches held its Delegate Assembly this spring, Hamilton Boswell, minister of Jones Memorial Church, San Francisco, was on hand among panel leaders for a discussion of urban redevelopment and human values.

Curtis Tarr, assistant to the president of Stanford University and Tracey Jones, former international YMCA secretary, were among discussion leaders at a recent Invitational Laymen's Conference at Pacific School of Religion.

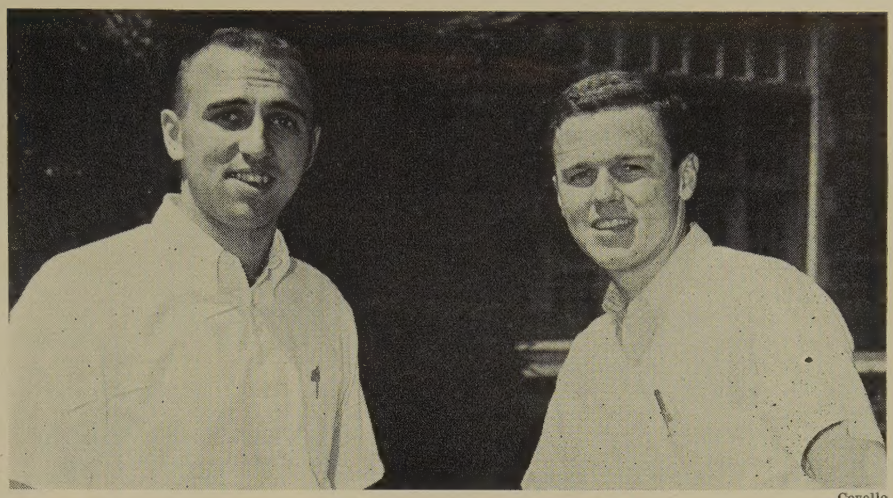
Ministers recently representing the Japanese Conference were J. C. Kono and Victor Fumiu, in an Hawaiian Evangelistic Mission; Lloyd Wake in a Salt Lake Jurisdictional Conference; and H. Sakaue of Reedley and Casper Horikoshi of Florin who attended the first Convocation of Social Concerns in Washington, D.C. Mr. Horikoshi, who is the PJPC chairman of Christian Social Concerns, also was at the United Nations Seminar at the UN Center in New York before he went to Washington.

Planning to return to his home conference, the Rev. Dale Nicholson preached his last sermon as pastor of the Albany Church on May 28. He and Mrs. Nicholson left for the meetings of the South Iowa Conference where the minister will receive his new appointment.

Howard Nakae of First Church, Loomis, has been selected by Governor Edmund Brown to serve on the 20th District Agricultural Association.

When the city of Millbrae proudly dedicated a modern library, the Rev. R. F. Winkelman of the Community Church was master of ceremonies. The principal address was delivered by Dr. Robert E. Burns, president of the University of the Pacific.

Robert Moon, of First Church in Fresno, was speaker for the Alaska Conference this year. Dr. Moon made four addresses and gave the Communion sermon. States the *Reporter* of the Fresno church: "This is a real occasion for the members of this Conference who know the meaning of isolation. They come from their churches, traveling long miles to enter into the fellowship."



Covello

John Beyer, left, and William Powell, both members of the Campbell Church, are the new president and vice pres., respectively, University of the Pacific student association.

Guest preacher for a special service of dedication in the St. Francis Church of San Francisco was Bishop Donald Tippett. Also attending the burning of the mortgage was District Superintendent Clifford Crummey.

George Hirakawa is the new president of the Weimar Council of the Tuberculosis and Health Association which covers 13 counties in California.

The Rev. Mr. Murphrey, missionary to Rhodesia, was a speaker at the Cambrian Park Church in San Jose.

From Fresno comes word that Paul Wasemiller, who has served First Church since his own youth and now has three children singing in the junior choir, will now serve his community also—as one of Fresno's City Councilmen.

Member of the Highland Park Methodist Church of Spokane, Washington, Johnny Tamamoto, was a winner in the Inland Empire tennis matches.

Central District Superintendent Charles Lord recently dedicated the entire Methodist church property at Isleton.

Principal speaker at the Central Kansas Conference this year was Dr. Marvin Stuart of First Church, Palo Alto. This is the conference in which Dr. Stuart began his ministry.

The Rev. Norman G. Callaway formerly of Alum Rock Church, San Jose, visited five of the 12 Methodist seminaries in the U. S. just after Easter. Registrar of the Conference Board of Ministerial Training, his visits included Perkins, Garrett, Drew, Boston and Wesley Seminaries.

Henry Eslick has been named Sonoma County Policeman of the Year. He works with the recreation program of youth groups at the church in Petaluma.

Bill Rhodes, church-school teacher at the Woodside Road Community Church in Redwood City, was elected president of the city's Teachers' Association. In the community, the Rev. Ralph York was elected president of the Ministerial Association.

Across the desk for *Riding the Circuit* are three items concerning John Beyer, who went to the University of the Pacific from First Church, Campbell. He was a member of the winning debate team at Pacific this year, named one of only 125 students on the Dean's Honor List, and has been elected student body president for next year. Beyer, who was Man of the Year in both his freshman and sophomore classes is currently serving as chairman of the Conference MYF Leadership Team.

William Powell, also from the Campbell Church, is new vice-president of the student body at Pacific. Both Bill and John attended Central Collegiates.

Richard Corson, Wesley Fellowship Council president, received recent recognition for a straight "A" record as a college student this year.

Other Methodist Men singled out for recognition in their communities are: Frank Fellers and Clifton Schultz, who will serve in Sebastopol as mayor and city councilman, respectively; the Rev. John W. Taylor of First Church, Martinez, appointed to the Personal Board of Review of the City Council; Dr. Frank Lankard, elected to the Board of Directors of the Brandon House in San Jose; Hubert Buchanan, named Santa Clara's "Citizen of the Year"; and three members of First Church, Merced, installed in the City Council: Worth Bryars, Ralph Shannon and Dr. Richard Zug.

First Church, Hayward, has welcomed Albert Lynch as director of Christian education. He has served similar posts at Grace Church, Stockton, and First Church, Burlingame.

Roberta White of First Church, Corcoran, June degree winner at University of the Pacific, was accepted for an overseas summer service project of the National Council of Churches. She is now on the job for four weeks at a work camp in Exeter, England, after attending an orientation camp in Switzerland.

Milestones

In our two conferences, spring anniversary events ranged all the way from the Meridian Community Church's celebration of 100 years of service, to the Japanese Church in Gardena observing its first.

Cambrian Park Church, San Jose, observed the consecration of its new education units in May and its ninth anniversary in June.

Superintendent Carl Walker of the Redwood Empire District announced several building projects. Awaiting approval of building plans by the Department of Architecture of the Division of Missions, the Church of the Valley in northwest Napa has celebrated Charter Sunday. Minister Dorothy Gleason had 65 persons ready to join the new church. At Lakeport a new education unit has been dedicated, while churches of Eureka, Arcata, Cutten, Sonoma, and Crescent City have all initiated expansion plans. Open house and a service of consecration for the new parsonage at Sonoma was held June 4.

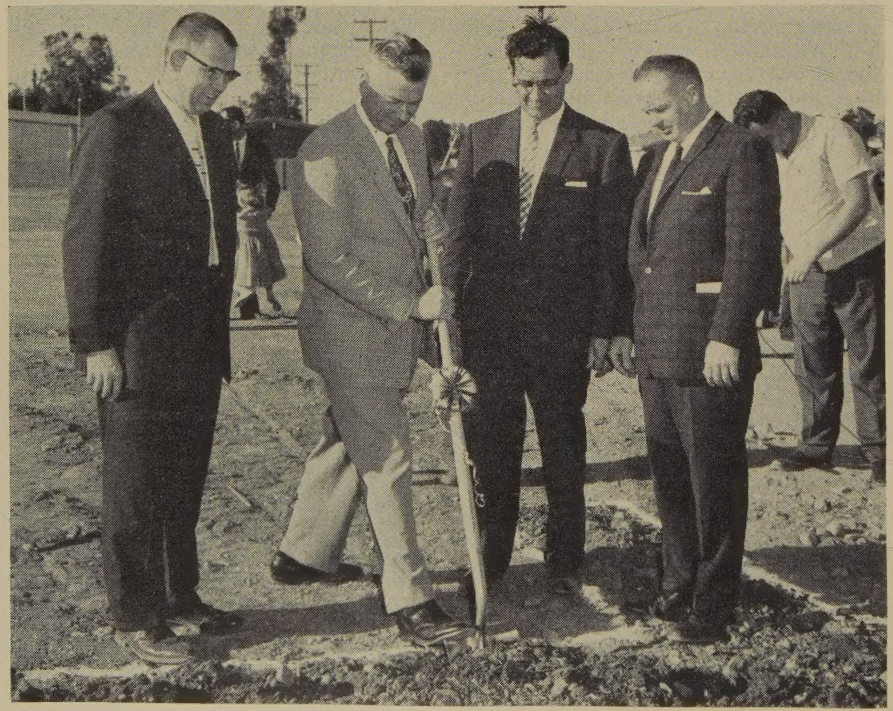
"If we had simply reached our goal of $26,000," said the *Hollister Church Monthly* in May, "there would have been cheers and celebration, but as the adding machines continued to total and sub-total, a feeling of seriousness touched many of us. We were simply overwhelmed by the enthusiasm and dedication, and in many cases obvious sacrifices of our people. At the moment our Expansion Program pledges amount to $48,224.50!"

Recent ground-breakings reported are for an addition to Grace Church, Livingston; a new sanctuary for the Japanese Church, Dinuba; and "the second largest building project in the Pacific Japanese Provisional Conference" for Blaine Memorial of Seattle, Washington, April 23.

Arrivals in the PK department include Jeffrey Matthew for the Jun Jues of St. Mark's, Stockton, on April 24; Elizabeth Lynn, by adoption by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Irwin, Reno; Scott Allen to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Roberts of Tamalpais Valley, May 2, and Sara Carolyn Beck to Mr. and Mrs. William Beck of Galt.

Sympathy is in order for John and Sylvia Corson of El Camino who lost Philip, one of their infant twin sons in May.

Wedding anniversary congratulations are in order for Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Hodgkinson, First Church, Palo Alto, wed 65 years; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lawrence, First Church, Modesto, 65 years; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Oates, Petaluma Church, 64 years; Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Crighton, First Church, Redwood City, 63 years; Mr. and Mrs. Horace Lee, San Rafael, 61 years; Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Cochran, First Church, Modesto, 60 years; Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Simmons, First Church, Modesto, 55 years; and these couples who have celebrated golden weddings: Mr. and Mrs. Fred Denton, First Church, San Mateo; Mr. and Mrs. Roy Lefler, Monterey; Dr. and Mrs. John Pugh, First Church, Modesto; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Redman, Grace Church, Santa Cruz; Mr. and Mrs. John Carlson, Petaluma Church; and Mr. and Mrs. Ivan E. Balsley, Shattuck Avenue Church, Oakland.



Ground-breaking marked a new beginning for First Church, Red Bluff, in April. More than 200 spectators took a turn with the shovel after the first earth was turned by these officials: (left to right) Pastor George E. Weber, Contractor H. P. Edwards, District Superintendent Shirley T. Sherrill, and Red Bluff Mayor John R. Trainor.

In Del Paso Heights Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Morford, both aged 81, have been happily married for three whole months following ceremonies at Aldersgate Church.

In Memoriam

The Rev. Orel S. Hesseltine, retired from active service in the Conference in 1957, died June 4, in Fresno. He last served the Sierra Vista Church there. Ordained in the Des Moines Conference in 1928 he came to California in 1946 to the Firebaugh Church. He is survived by his wife, who may be addressed at 2745 W. White Bridges Road, Fresno 6.

Anna Hart Loofbourow, native of Nova Scotia who lived more than 70 years in Methodist parsonages as minister's daughter and wife, died June 4, in Richmond at age 93. She is survived by her husband, Dr. Leon L. Loofbourow of 3016 Barrett Ave., Richmond, by son Robert Loofbourow of Minneapolis and daughter Mrs. Norman E. G. Hill of England. The Loofbourow's served churches together in Oakland, San Jose, Petaluma, Burlingame, Modesto, Richmond, Honolulu and the Canal Zone.

Once a teacher in a Methodist Missionary training school in New York, mission interest continued throughout her life. She was long devoted to student work in Seoul and refugee work in Hong Kong. The Korean government awarded her a medal and citation as one who exemplified the "noblest tradition of missionary service."

Life of an Idea

(Continued from page A-5)

Clark who served Carlmont three years.

The Division of National Missions in May informed Mrs. Jennie Robinson Oliver of Santa Barbara that gifts to the Robinson Memorial Fund honoring her late husband, the Rev. John Edgar Robinson, have now passed $1,000 mark.

New Appointments

(Continued from page A-4)

Santa Cruz: First.....Harold F. Blakley
Live Oak.....Bernard W. Lowry

Shasta District

Camptonville-North San Juan..(To be supplied)
Chico: Trinity (associate).....Gordon Fairchild
Wesley Foundation.....Richard N. Gould
Corning.....John Albright
Dunsmuir.....Wayne H. Long
Grass Valley.....Leo W. Hamilton
Guinda.....(To be supplied)
Hornbrook and Montague.....C. C. Van Leer
Nelson.....(To be supplied)
Paradise.....Robert L. Walker
Princeton.....Ervin C. Tipton
Quincy.....Bruce Baker
Susanville.....Albert E. Raugust
Sutter.....Herbert R. Graves
Woodland (associate).....Harry Vise
Yolo.....Kenneth Miner
Yreka.....Clyde E. Teel

New special appointments include: L. William Corzine to staff of General Board of Education; A. Derwood Foster, associate professor, Pacific School of Religion; William C. Sanford, Mayaguez, Puerto Rico.

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Is thy heart right, as my heart is with thine? Dost thou love and serve God? It is enough. I give thee the right hand of fellowship.

—John Wesley (1703-1791)

WE HAVE DECIDED that we won't read any more advance proofs of TOGETHER on an empty stomach. It was one of those humid afternoons, we were going home to supper after a light lunch, and our commuter train plowed on through gathering thunderheads. The elderly man in the seat ahead was reading the woman's section of his paper.

"Here's a recipe for the kind of custard pie your grandma used to make," he said to the young man beside him. The young man didn't look up from what *he* was reading—*Velocity Requirements for the Establishment of Artificial Satellites in Geocentric Circular Orbits*. All he said was "Uh huh," his mind apparently a thousand miles in space away from the joys of old-fashioned custard pie.

Now it so happened that we had just leafed past **Sally Wesley**'s *Feeding Fifty* [page 72] and had been indulging in an imaginary meal of hot homemade rolls (the kind Mamma used to make), melting great gobs of butter, as inspired by the recipe of Chef A. B. Rogers of Carroll, Iowa. Brother! But by effort of will we turned to proofs of the *Preacher Smith* article-pictorial [pages 38-41]. Here we found that, for space reasons, it would be necessary to eliminate reference to a poem the pioneer martyr wrote during an unseasonable Black Hills snowstorm. He was far from his family and friends, and no doubt very lonely. The poem concludes:

And when I sit on Zion's hill
No more in need of gold,
And sing with those who love me still
The songs that ne'er grow old
Perhaps I'll look on this sad eve,
Beneath this stormy sky,
And think that this was long ago,
And wonder—was it I?

We wish it were possible to reprint the entire poem, a long one, for Smith was a talented poet as well as a brave and God-fearing man. **Charles Hargens**, who painted the scene on pages 38-39, has produced a remarkable likeness of Smith from an old photograph still in possession of a descendant. Then, on advance-proof page 14, we came upon **Donald Culross Peattie**'s *Cultivate Your Forgettory*, a fine piece of advice from a favorite author of ours—but, brother, memories of the boyhood pleasures of old-fashioned custard pie aren't among those we plan to discard. And **this month's cover**! Just a clump of luscious purple grapes on the vine. That's when they're best!

So it was then our train stopped and we got off, stomach empty, and head full of custard pie, hot homemade rolls, and juicy grapes on the vine. The train pulled off around the curve and just then, as if by signal, old-fashioned thunder roared, and the rain came pouring down.—YOUR EDITORS.

Together

AUGUST, 1961

The Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families

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MISS NARAH T. JACKSON, CHICAGO, ILL.: "Thank you for the check in prompt payment for a month in the hospital following an accident which occurred just about two weeks after I had received my policy. I am so grateful for the financial help and peace of mind it brought me at the time it was needed."

A. J. PACE, LAKEVIEW, TEXAS: "I would like to express my appreciation for the quick and friendly way you have handled my claim. I would highly recommend the De Moss Associates as the best sickness and accident insurance I know. Thanks again for everything."

MR. CHARLES SUMMIT, MCKEESPORT, PENNA.: "I certainly was very happy and thankful for the way you handled my recent claim and for the check you sent me so promptly. It was a blessing and will come in very nicely to help us out."

MRS. DOROTHEA BUCK, JAMESTOWN, NEW YORK: "Your kind letter and the check enclosed with it brought much cheer and encouragement. Please accept my hearty appreciation for your prompt and most satisfactory settlement of my claim."

MR. NATE SCHARFF, DAYTON, OHIO: "We want to thank you so very much for your kindness in taking care of our claim in such a swift and satisfactory manner. We deeply appreciate our Gold Star Policy."

Bank reference: Peoples National Bank

RUSH COUPON NOW!

TO ASSURE YOUR PROTECTION

APPLICATION FOR 814 0861

Gold Star Total Abstainer's Hospitalization Policy

My name is _____

Street or RD # _____

City _____ State _____

Date of Birth: Month _____ Day _____ Year _____

My occupation is _____

My beneficiary is _____

I also hereby apply for coverage for the members of my family listed below:

NAME	DATE OF BIRTH	AGE	RELATIONSHIP	BENEFICIARY
1.				
2.				
3.				
4.				

Have you or any member above listed been disabled by either accident or illness or have you or they had medical advice or treatment or have you or they been advised to have a surgical operation in the last five years? Yes ☐ No ☐

If so, give details stating cause, date, name and address of attending physician and whether fully recovered _____

I hereby certify that neither I nor any member above listed uses alcoholic beverages and I hereby apply for the Gold Star Abstainer's Hospitalization policy based on the understanding that the policy applied for does not cover conditions originating prior to the date of insurance and that the policy is issued solely and entirely in reliance upon the written answers to the foregoing questions.

Date: ..... *Signed:* X .....

GEN. APP. 1010-4

HERE'S ALL YOU DO:

1. Fill out application at right.
2. Enclose in an envelope with your first payment.
3. Mail to DeMoss Associates, Inc. Valley Forge, Pa.

YOU WILL RECEIVE YOUR GOLD STAR POLICY PROMPTLY BY MAIL. NO SALESMAN WILL CALL.

HERE ARE THE LOW GOLD STAR RATES

	IF YOU PAY MONTHLY	IF YOU PAY YEARLY
Each adult age 19-64 pays	$4.	$40.
Each adult age 65-100 pays	6.	60.
Each child age 18 and under pays	3.	30.

SAVE TWO (2) MONTHS PREMIUM BY PAYING YEARLY!

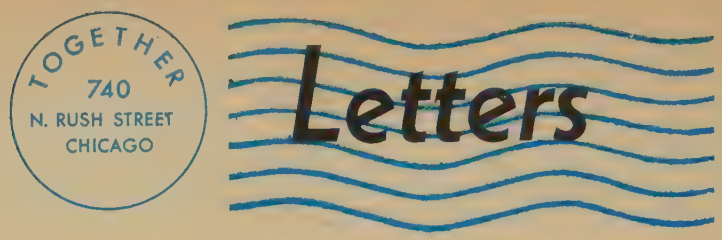
THE GOLD STAR PLAN is underwritten by the following leading companies (depending upon your State of residence):

Guarantee Trust Life Insurance Company Chicago, Illinois

World Mutual Health & Accident Ins. Co of Pa. King of Prussia, Penna.

MAIL THIS APPLICATION WITH YOUR FIRST PREMIUM TO { DE MOSS ASSOCIATES INC. VALLEY FORGE, PENNA.

SELECTED BITS FROM YOUR



Cover Clown Silly Idea?

U. G. MURPHY, *Retired Minister*
Seattle, Wash.

I am sorry about the clown picture on the front cover of the June issue.

Our young people are bombarded with all sorts of things in their daily lives, from the vicious to the silly—certainly they are entitled to something more serious in our church papers. They need to get material that will help build up a strong sense of the spiritual, and that type of silly picture certainly is of no assistance.

Should We Depeople?

MRS. GEORGE R. TAIT
Beeville, Tex.

TOGETHER is a fine magazine, one of the best published. My only criticism is of the covers—they all look like a child's magazine. Couldn't we have front covers of religious art, historic churches, or inspiring landscapes, without people?

Most people like to see pictures of people—but Mrs. Tait has a point. How about this month's, you readers who agree with her?—EDS.

Attention, Washington, D.C.

MRS. DONALD S. HOMER
Gouverneur, N.Y.

Bishop Kennedy's guest editorial, *No Government Aid to Parochial Schools!* [June, page 13], is magnificent. I do hope you have sent copies to our President, congressmen, senators, and others in authority.

Parochial Aid: A Trojan Horse

D. F. GONZALO, *Pastor*
Seattle, Wash.

I was heartened by the straight and strong *No Government Aid to Parochial Schools!*

Too many people do not realize that public aid to parochial schools is a Trojan horse which in the long run would do away with personal freedom of conscience and choice as we know them through the open Bible and the U.S. Constitution.

With free public education, any parochial school stands out as a "preference" school; those who prefer such a school should alone pay for such a preference. It would not be right for the government to tax voters in general to support what a minority prefers and demands for itself.

He's Puzzled; We're Sorry

NEIL L. ARNOLD, *Pastor*
Fillmore, N.Y.

My German is rusty, but it appears to me someone is in error on page 39 of the June TOGETHER.

I believe the frontispiece of that Luther Bible says *Old Testament*, not *New*. If this is the case, how do you explain the date 1523, when the accompanying text material claims Luther translated the *New Testament* in 1522—and the *Old Testament* in 1534? I'm puzzled!

We regret the mix-up. Luther translated and published the Old Testament bit by bit over a period of years, after completing his translation of the New Testament in 1522. The present owner of the volume pictured tells us it contains only the first few books of the Old Testament, and that the Roman-numeral date and the footnote in Latin apparently were written on the frontispiece by an earlier owner. It is quite possible that this particular volume was printed in 1523, even though 1534 is generally accepted as the year when Luther finished his German translation of the complete *Old Testament. Our accompanying text was correct, but on the caption we up-geslipped!*—EDS.

We're Methodist, All Right!

BETTY LUGINBILL
Hyattsville, Md.

I decided to analyze what I was reading in TOGETHER [June issue].

In 21 articles (news, book reviews, jokes, letters, advice excluded), references to authorities or key words were made as follows:

Authority or Key Word	*Number of Articles in Which Mentioned*
Methodist Church	13
Christian	9
God or Holy Spirit	8
Government, State, or Nation	8
Love	6
Jesus, Christ, or Lord	5
Bible	4
Pray or Prayer	3

Since 62 per cent of the articles refer to The Methodist Church, it can be concluded quite safely that TOGETHER is a Methodist-centered magazine.

We thought so all along!—EDS.

'. . . And No Falling in Love'

MRS. MABEL C. JAKWAY
Santa Monica, Calif.

I have just read *When Protestant and Catholic Wed* [June, page 36].

As a mother and grandmother, I have always firmly believed that there would be no interfaith marriages, and the problem would be solved, if parents would discourage—and if necessary, forbid—their young folks from "going together" in the first place. There would be no second time, and no falling in love.

There are fine young people in both the Protestant and the Catholic churches. Why not, then, let them be friendly, but when they reach the age for close companionship, choose someone of their own faith?

He Wants the Blunt Facts

JOHN C. WIGHTMAN
Xenia, Ohio

I wish to express my appreciation of Bishop Fred P. Corson's article, *Puerto Rico, Land of Protestant Opportunity* [May, page 45]. I realize the intent of the article was not to expose some of the practices of the Roman Church. However, certain parts of the article did do this, if not by direct statement, certainly by inference and conclusion.

I am glad Protestants are beginning to wake up to the source of a disastrous loss of liberty. This erosion must be recognized and appropriately combatted. I see no reason why facts should not be told bluntly.

'Everybody Loves Mabel'

MRS. ELSIE SLOCUM
Minneapolis, Minn.

I was simply delighted with your June issue, especially the article, *Why I Still Love My Wife*, by Clarence S. Hill [page 45].

I know the Hills well. They have six children, and are two of the main pillars of their church. Everybody in the church loves Mabel!

Nobody Skins Live Alligators!

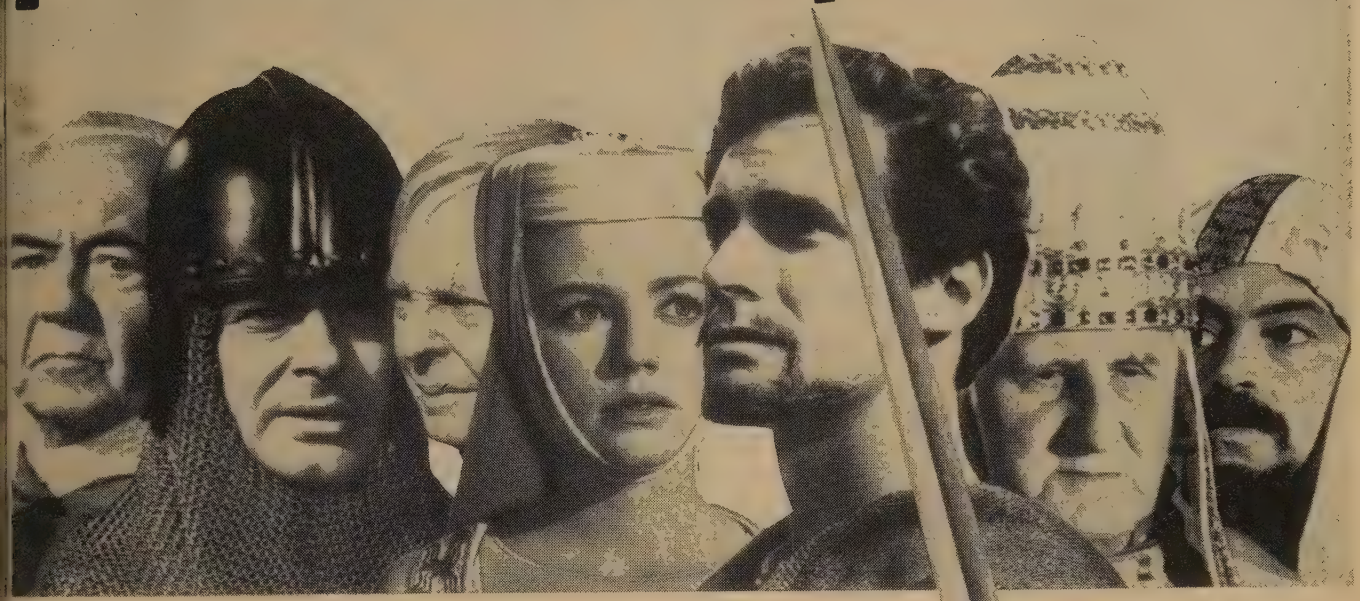
MRS. JAMES J. ARNOLD
Shrewsbury, Pa.

After reading Victor Johnson's April letter [*Alligators Skinned Alive?* page 8], I checked a few encylopedias and couldn't find the answer, so I wrote to a publisher of encyclopedias.

The reply stated that alligators are

20th Century-Fox presents

FRANCIS OF ASSISI



HOW A LUSTY, FIGHTING YOUNG ADVENTURER TURNED INTO A SAINTLY MAN OF GOD

20th Century-Fox presents "FRANCIS OF ASSISI" starring BRADFORD DILLMAN • DOLORES HART • STUART WHITMAN and PEDRO ARMENDARIZ as THE SULTAN • Produced by PLATO A. SKOURAS Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ • Screenplay by EUGENE VALE, JAMES FORSYTH and JACK THOMAS • A Perseus Production • Color by DeLuxe

CINEMASCOPE

definitely not skinned alive; that no one in his right mind would attempt to skin one, of any size, alive. The process is the same as that used by tanners for any other animal. Often the back scales and large bones are left, and only the more desirable sides and belly used.

I thought some of my fellow readers might be interested in the answer.

A Bit *Too* Miraculous?

NORMA J. WARD
Grain Valley, Mo.

Why did you print the article, *A Daughter Is a Miracle* [June, page 28]? Most girls who are as impractical, ignorant, frivolous, and self-centered as the girls described in the article turn out to be the same kind of impractical, ignorant, frivolous, self-centered wives.

Applause for Mr. Johnson

MRS. DEAN POSPISIL
New Braunfels, Tex.

Many thanks for *The Lord's Prayer* water colors by Floyd Johnson [May, pages 37-44]. I've hung them, side by side, in our small son's bedroom. Our only regret is that all seven pictures weren't on separate sheets.

A Tip on Civil War Records

ROBERT WILLIAMS
Hollywood, Calif.

As a sometime student of the Civil War, I was much interested in *That War Between North and South* [February, page 59]. Perhaps other readers would like to know how to get copies of records of ancestors who fought in that war.

Such records are obtainable from the National Archives and Records Service, General Services Administration, Washington 25, D.C. Requests should include: (1) the person's exact name according to the military rolls; (2) the state from which he entered the service; and (3) the designation of the regiment or other unit in which he served—for example, "14th New Jersey Infantry."

To simplify the search, National Archives asks that inquirers fill out Form NA-288, *Order for Photocopies Concerning Veteran.* Each completed form is forwarded with a check or money order for $1, payable to the General Services Administration. If the records can't be found, the fee is returned.

If a man served in a state militia unit never mustered into service of the government, his records most likely will be found in the state archives or in the custody of the state adjutant general.

Tray Cards: Two-Way Cheer

MRS. JOHN R. CARR
Chicago, Ill.

Thank you for listing my name in *Name Your Hobby* this past March [page 61]. I have heard from 16 ladies so far about my hobby of making and distributing tray cards for hospitals—cards to cheer patients who can't be up and about.

Three wrote to ask how I make the cards, so they could teach their Girl Scouts. One retired schoolteacher sent me more than 100 hand-painted cards. Various hospitals and homes in my area have welcomed cards I've given them.

I hope this news of my hobby will encourage others to try it. It's a real joy to cheer others in this way—and to meet so many nice friends by mail!

Bulb Snatcher Makes a Convert

ROBERT E. SEARIGHT
Long Beach, Calif.

A woman in Detroit, Mich., read my *Hobby Alley* article, *My Adventures as a Bulb Snatcher* [April, 1960, page 59], and wrote to ask me if I'd make her a globe. She said she wasn't a Christian, but the pictures of two of my bulb scenes [*Last Supper* and *Crucifixion*] had given her a lift, and she wanted to have one of my globes.

I made her one with a little church in it. A minister stood outside the door. A sign within the globe read, "You are not too bad to come in, and you are not too good to stay out."

When she received the globe, she wrote and said how happy she was with it—and that she'd started to go to church.

Pigeons at the Gates, Alas!

MRS. W. W. HOTCHKISS
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

I thoroughly enjoyed *Don't Mention Hobbies to Me!* [May, page 66] by Doris E. Kloss. She is a brave woman to say out loud what so many "hobby widows" would like to express. But in naming several obnoxious diversions, she failed to mention the hobby that ends all others for all time: homing pigeons.

When a pigeon fancier arrives at the pearly gates with his basket of birds and Saint Peter tells him he can't keep his homers with him, it's likely he'll turn around, preferring the other afterlife with his birds rather than heaven without them.

This Church Says 'Hello'

STANLEY J. NICHOLS, *Lay Leader*
First Methodist Church
Auburn, N.Y.

Re *Does Your Church Say 'Hello'?* [May, page 32]: Our church has been doing just that for over a quarter of a century—and getting better at it with the passing of time. We're now in a new sanctuary on a highway, and so attract more than a thousand guests a year, all of whom sign a register in the narthex before being seated.

Our ushers, congregation, and ministers combine to make all visitors feel at home. They're taken on a tour of the church and shortly receive a letter of thanks from our church. Local visitors are called on by our ministers.

We receive many letters thanking us for all the personal touches that say to strangers, "Hello—come again soon!" Friendliness pays; we recommend it.

No Sign, No Find?

BENJAMIN L. GAUL, *Pastor*
Lohrville, Iowa

From the comments in the Powwow *Does Your Church Say 'Hello'?*, it is obvious that our churches haven't used signs as much as they should.

Some have no identification whatsoever on or about them. How is the visitor to know which church it is? Still more employ no directional signs, complicating the finding of the church. If we're going to witness for Christ, don't we at least have the obligation of letting people know who and where we are?

To paraphrase the scriptural, "How shall they hear without a preacher?"—How shall they find without a sign?

Why Come to Church School?

MRS. IDA KEHRING
Fullerton, Calif.

In the May issue [page 24], I read the article asking undergraduate students between 17 and 25 to submit essays on *Why I Go to Church,* for TOGETHER's John Dickins Award.

Some weeks ago, I asked my junior-high girls and boys to answer the question, "Why did you come to church school this morning?"

The following answer from a 14-year-old student might be a winner if a similar contest were held for this age group:

"I came to church school because it is my duty as a Christian and because I want to. I want to learn more about my faith and how I should live. Church school is God's house, and when I come, I feel closer to *(continued on page 62)*

Together / NEWSLETTER

DEMAND END TO NEUTRALITY. Dr. Eugene L. Smith, general secretary of the Division of World Missions of the Methodist Board of Missions, reports "Young Africans believe that the church should have a voice in political affairs of the country. They demand that missionaries abandon their positions of neutrality and concern themselves with politics. Where the church has been neutral, it has lost the young intellectuals." Dr. Smith recently returned from a Methodist conference on future church policy at Elisabethville, Katanga.

PRAY FOR LAW AND ORDER. The last Sunday in August has been designated "a day of prayer for law and order" by the Greater Atlanta Council of Churches as the Georgia capital prepares to integrate four high schools in September. Methodist minister Dr. Nat G. Long told the council the city's Christians must be ready for the crisis and not forfeit leadership to "hoodlums and rabble-rousers."

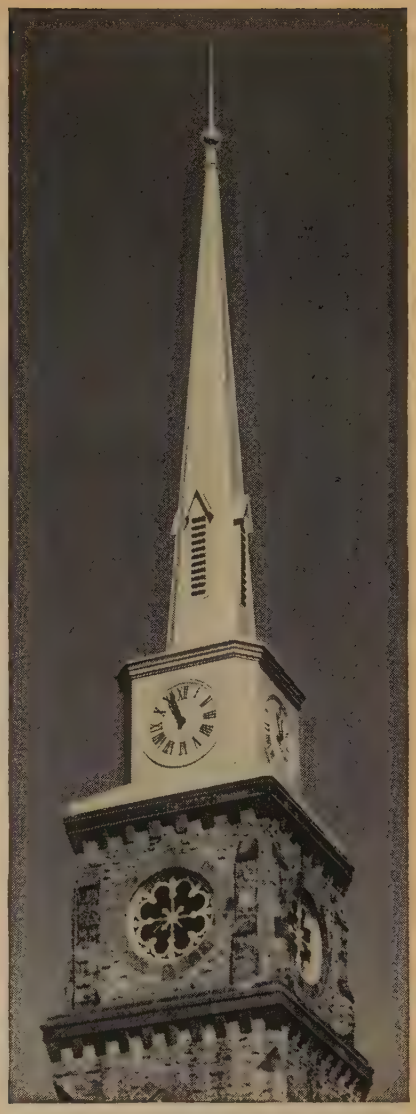
TOPS 10 MILLION. Reports from 74 of Methodism's 100 annual conferences show Methodist membership as 10,010,777, says the Board of Evangelism, topping 10 million for the first time. Of the 74 conferences, 63 showed gains and 11 showed losses. The 1960 total was 9,910,741.

INVESTMENTS, NOT BAZAARS. Sixty church administrators studying economic practices of American churches for the National Council of Churches feel the day of the church bazaar is almost gone as money-raising methods increasingly exclude commercial activities [see Should Churches Sell Things? April, 1959, page 23]. They suggest sound investment programs, such as integrated housing, "which promote the social concerns of the church."

URGE SCIENTIFIC STUDY. The Southern Baptist Convention has called on its 9.7 million members to study communism "as medical experts study cancer," but warned against irresponsible use of the communist label as an accusation without proper evidence.

MERGE RELIGIOUS-INSTRUCTION PROGRAMS. Methodists, Disciples of Christ, Presbyterians, and Episcopalians have merged their religious teaching programs at the University of Texas under a United Bible Chair.

(More church news on page 64)



ARCHITECTS: Wagner and Hatmann, Williamsport, Penna.

Give your Church a new call to worship with an Overly Spire

This new and striking 57' spire adds a new dimension to the First Presbyterian Church in Milton, Penna. Prefabricated by Overly in an alodine finish aluminum, this spire will last the church's lifetime—without maintenance costs. Overly will build a spire to suit any existing church structure at a cost within your budget. For more information, write for our 28-page history of spires, "Pointing To God."

Overly

MANUFACTURING COMPANY

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GREENSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

"Because I was nervous—a 'Grumpy Grandpa'—my doctor started me on Postum."

"My grandchildren made me realize how irritable and nervous I was. 'Gee, Grandpa's grumpy!' I heard them whispering. Was there something wrong with my nerves?

"The doctor didn't think so. He asked if I'd been sleeping well. I hadn't. Then he asked if I'd been drinking lots of coffee. I had. It seems many people can't take the caffein in coffee and I'm one of them. Change to Postum, the doctor advised. It's 100% caffein-free—can't make you nervous or keep you awake.

"Did my grandchildren notice the difference? They certainly did. When you sleep well, when you're not on edge, you have lots more patience. I'm sold on Postum —I like the way it makes me feel. You will too!"

Postum is 100% coffee-free

Another fine product of General Foods

Far Better Than Money

By MILBURN P. AKERS
Editor, *Chicago Sun-Times*

SOMEBODY once said money is nice to have whether you're rich or poor. Without presuming to speak for the rich, but as self-appointed spokesman for the rest of us, I agree. Money is indeed nice to have.

As a boy, I saw very little money, and as I grew older I made only a slight acquaintance with it. In fact, I have never been overly burdened with this ingenious invention. In lieu of wealth, however, I have acquired many things of value—greater value, I believe, than money. That's why I'm happy that I have not been possessed to devote my life to mere moneygrubbing. Had I done so, I doubt if I would have had the time to acquire these other things which I value so highly. Besides, I might not have accumulated much money either, and then I would have been poor indeed.

Now I don't decry the making of money. But to devote one's entire time and energies to that end? Money just isn't that valuable. Actually, it will buy very few of the really good and lasting things of life. It won't, for example, buy a home where serenity and love abound. Serenity of course is easier to achieve when there are sufficient funds to guarantee the necessities of life and, perhaps, a few of its luxuries. Serenity comes most readily in a home where security exists. But after one has achieved a modest income, money's importance, for buying creature comforts, diminishes.

Even in strictly material terms, the buying power of the dollar has depreciated to less than half its worth of 50 years ago. No such depreciation cheapens the value of life's other good things. Far greater in value, more stable over the years, more interesting and rewarding, too, is friendship. And acquaintance with art, good literature, and great music is another more valuable thing. Participation in the worthwhile affairs of one's community is another, and certainly the fulfillment of one's religious obligations may be counted too.

Our society is burdened by too many moral parasites—people who take for themselves the good things which earlier generations have threaded into our society's fabric, but give nothing, create nothing, in return. I believe that each generation is obligated to build a better community, a better country, a better world for the next. If that makes me an idealistic egghead, so be it.

But the eggheads don't accept me as one of them because I'm something of a pragmatist too. People have a right, I insist, to be proud of successful business or professional careers and of the accumulations which such careers can bring. There is nothing sinful or antisocial in success. On the other hand, there sometimes is something sinful or antisocial in the manner by which success is achieved or in the use to which it is put, once it has been achieved.

That is why it is essential, I believe, that we remind ourselves frequently, in this very materialistic society of ours, that there are some things as important—even more important—than money.

A life, any life, based wholly on moneygrubbing is tragically misspent. But a life based on the realization that money, properly acquired and properly used, is one of life's many good things—this can be a glorious thing indeed.

The past may be a nice place to visit,
says the author, but you wouldn't want to live there.

Cultivate Your FORGETTORY

By DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

YOUR MEMORY is your lifelong companion, born about when you are born, and destined to jog along with you through the years, for better or worse. A fine memory may be a gift of God, like that of the precocious Mozart. As a child, he was taken to hear a long and difficult *Miserere* at the Vatican; so sacred and secret was this composition that no one was allowed a copy of it. But the boy went home and immediately wrote out the entire score from his infallible musical memory.

Training helps you to memory power. Charles Morphy of New Orleans, the world's chess master in 1857-59, brought to perfection a chess memory. Playing blindfold against 10 or 20 people at once he remembered where every piece of his own and of his opponents' stood. He remembered what pieces had been captured and removed from the boards. And almost always he won; occasionally the game was a draw; there are records of only a few defeats in Morphy's incomparable playing.

These are geniuses of memory. Most of us just try to have a good everyday, useful recollection, whether by taking a training course in memory or just tying a string around a finger. We earnestly cultivate our memory, considering it a virtue. But indeed it can be a vice. Therefore to have a satisfactory memory, one that is a help to ourselves and others, we ought also to cultivate our *forgettory*. For a healthy, well-developed, kindly, and timesaving forgettory is indispensable to serene recollection and moral behavior.

Oh, I don't mean the usual thoughtless forgetfulness that makes you omit to lock the car, or to leave word for the milkman, or lets you post a letter in your pocket as I do. There's plenty of that in every one; myself, I often forget my own telephone number. The prime example of such blankness is of course the absent-minded professor, a stock figure, but one who exists, for I had one in my own family.

Cousin Robert always had his mind on higher things. Once he bought a ticket at Grand Central station to give a lecture in a Hudson River town. But when the conductor came around, this famous sociologist felt in all his pockets in vain. He hadn't the faintest idea where he had put his ticket. He looked in his hat band, in his wallet—no use. The conductor was indulgent.

"Pay me in cash, and I'll give you a written ticket here and now. When you find the ticket you bought, turn it in and you'll get your money back."

"Ho!" said Cousin Robert, "the money's the least of it. If I can't find my ticket, I won't know where to get off."

A really well-trained mind remembers what it ought and *forgets what it ought*. It has developed its forgettory to a fine point. This not only makes for efficiency; it makes for happiness and goodness. Forgetting can be a positive Christian virtue. I may forgive those who trespass against me, but the job is only half done unless I forget the trespasses, too.

For if you don't decide to forget an injury, then you are holding on to a grudge, and your forgiveness is formal and hollow. When a person does not accept an apology he may still be wanting revenge. And revenge is strictly against the Bible. "'Vengeance is mine,' saith the Lord." (Romans 12:19 KJV.)

I used to take an invalid friend for a drive on sunny afternoons. We might as well have stayed at home, for she saw no scenery, heard no bird song, but talked of her ills all the way. At her door again, she used to heave a deep sigh, realizing what she had missed. If she had dropped her complaints for the length of the drive, she might have gotten out of her prison for that long at least.

The famous entomologist, C. V. Riley, was so highly placed in government circles that he was beset by the politicking of holding down his job when what he really wanted was to fight the locust plague descending on the wheat states from the Rockies. He declared that he could, by getting into the barber's chair, lose track of all these cares, of his besetting "assistants" and even perhaps his family, while having the barber give him the whole works. This was his way of giving his forgettory a chance to work. A pew in church is a more usual and commendable place for helpful meditation!

The late Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., told me that his famous father, "T. R.," once said to him,

A memory which stores up old grief, injury, and disappointment has no room for the joy and triumph of today and tomorrow.

"Watch your words, watch even your small actions, or they will come back to you in the night and you will writhe with hot shame for them, sleepless and self-reproachful." Who can doubt that he was speaking out of an experience that we have all had?

So having made all possible restitution, thereafter you ought to forget to blame yourself for what is past and done with. Perhaps only you remember it. Yet how many things I have brought up against myself in the night, the embarrassing remark I made, or the pretentious one, or the times I was careless of a friend's heartstrings! If you have repented and repaired the fault as much as possible, drop it in the forgettory, turn over, and go to sleep.

A neighbor of mine came back last week from his first trip to Europe since he was in the Normandy invasion. I asked him over to tell me about his adventures. What I heard about was how hard the beds were in Florence, how he was cheated by the concierge in a Paris hotel, and what a bad cold he had in Madrid.

His memory bag was full of things that should have been in his forgettory; they crowded out the art, the history, the kindnesses of many, surely, he had met on the way. All his complaints were excess baggage he should have left behind him, to leave room for a keen remembrance that Holland is a masterpiece, Venice a miracle, and France a land to be happy in.

At a party not long ago, a piece of malicious gossip was going around. I didn't believe it, but lacked the courage to raise a dispute. But one woman present ended the talk by saying briskly, "As for me, I've forgotten this story already. I'm not even going to remember who told it to me." What an expert *she* was!

So often when a person insists, "I can't forget—" he means "I won't forget—" He is hanging on to a memory that ought to be chucked into limbo. Put such a thought from you. If this is difficult, crowd it out of your mind by concentrating on some memory that brings tranquility and gratitude. With your thinking cleared of unhappy past things, you will find good cheer coming to you, good temper, and peace of mind. To cultivate your forgettory is to develop a new kind of freedom, a more willing heart.

Just as a busy executive has to leave details to his secretary, so even a great humanitarian like Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt has to use a forgettory about people. Once asked how she achieved all that she did in a day, she is reported to have replied, "For one thing, I take care to forget the faces I pass on the street." She could not, of course, have helped all these troubled souls. But she proved again that all through the 24 hours the mind has to make a choice of what it will retain and what reject.

In France, between wars, I met a lovely English couple and their daughters. But there was something between the wife and reality, some inner brooding, some dreadful memory which she had trained her husband to hover over tenderly. At last it came out: they had lost their one

"Sour godliness is the devil's religion"
—JOHN WESLEY

Ours was a small community in an area blessed with an abundance of wildlife, so we teaching church school often drew upon nature to illustrate our lessons. One time I asked my third-graders to name the four seasons of the year. "Well," volunteered Dougie with some hesitation, "there's fishin' season, deer season, and duck season—but I can't think of the other."

—Rev. E. B. Stanton, *Douglas, Alaska*

•

Mrs. Perkins, a stanch member of a small country church, greeted the pastor with this comment after each Sunday's sermon:

"That certainly was a good message, Pastor. *They* sure did need it."

One snowy morning, when no one but Mrs. Perkins arrived for services, the pastor, seizing the opportunity, said, "Mrs. Perkins, sit down. I'm going to deliver my sermon anyhow, to *you.*"

For half an hour he preached on the sin of pride. When he ended, she arose and exclaimed, "My, that was a fine message, Pastor. If *they'd* been here, *they* sure would have got it!"

—Mrs. Elmer Stowell, *Juneau, Wis.*

•

The young minister had been advised that should he forget the words to the marriage service, he should quote Bible verses until he remembered. Sure enough, at his first marriage his memory failed, and he started quoting verses. The first that came to mind was, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

—Mrs. George C. Lucas, *Topeka, Kans.*

•

An assistant and I took our Sunday-school kindergarten class on a short tour of the church. On the desk in the minister's study, along with books, papers, and pencils, was a small box of popcorn.

"Come in," welcomed the minister. "Glad to see you. This is my study, where I work. These are my books. . . . Any questions?"

A small voice piped up, "Where did you get the popcorn?"

—Mrs. H. H. Hirt, *Lorain, Ohio*

•

"And, oh, my brethren," the preacher concluded his sermon, "for the wicked there will be wailing and gnashing of teeth."

"But, reverend," queried a member after the service, "how about those who have no teeth?"

"Brother," said the preacher sternly, "teeth will be provided."

—Carmen Kennedy, *Clarendon, Ark.*

•

My great-uncle, Jesse T. Peck, was a Methodist bishop. A portly man, he was fond of good food. As the story goes, he was the house guest of friends. At bedtime his hostess brought out a pie. It was tasty, and he ate several pieces. In the night, he became ill. His host stood anxiously by the bedside, listening to his loud groans.

"Bishop," he asked, "are you afraid to die?" "No," was the answer, "I'm not afraid. Under the circumstances, I'm *ashamed.*"

—Ellen E. Peck, *Watertown, N.Y.*

•

The parishioner dozed off in church each Sunday, hoping not to be noticed by the preacher. On leaving church one Sunday morning he remarked to the minister, "That was a fine sermon. I certainly agreed with you."

"I know," said the pastor gravely, "I saw you nodding."

—Mrs. Everett Steven, *Sexton, Iowa*

•

Boss Mal Deitch delayed construction work at the Shorehaven Beach Club because of a tree with a bird's nest full of fledglings. Once they were old enough to fly, the tree came down. Deitch by chance examined the nest, into which was woven part of a child's colored church-school card. It read: "The Lord looks after his creatures, large and small."

—Mrs. Henry Sherrer, *Bay City, Tex.*

•

Send your church-related anecdote to us to share with Together's *readers. We pay $5 for those used. Sorry, none can be returned.*—Eds.

son on the very last day of fighting in World War I. Years later they were still grieving for him—or worse, they were angry with fate or God about their loss. Forgivable, perhaps, but not their apparent forgetfulness of their riches in the two lovely and devoted daughters who gave everything to their parents and kept nothing for themselves. A great grief cannot, of course, be really forgotten, but the Chinese sage says: "You cannot keep the bad birds from flying over, but you *can* keep them from making a nest in your hair."

As for marking sorrowful anniversaries, that's for the birds—the dark vultures of brooding which are always ready to hover over us. I am quick to ignore the date of my daughter's death, or my parents' or my sister's. Instead I am likely to make note of their birthdays, as they come around in the roll of the year. And of the anniversary of meeting my wife, of the publication of my first successful book, of the joyful arrival of my family to settle here in California.

An anniversary is just what you make it—and why make it a milestone of sadness?

For a mind clogged with griefs and grievances out of the past has no room for the quiet blessings of today. Turned inward, it will not take in bird song at dawn, or the sound of children's voices yodeling to each other in the dusk over the housetops down the street. It will not notice so slight a loveliness as the smell of summer rain on hot sidewalks or, in the country, the freshened odor of earth mold and fungi. Or the moment when all the lights go on along the big city avenues, or the time when all the fireflies flash again in trees or grass.

I once asked a wonderful old woman who had plenty of troubles of her own how she managed always to be so serene and cheerful. "I'm such good friends with myself," she replied with a chuckle, "because I just remember what deserves to be remembered."

For there is nothing in this life so worth keeping as that which can be kept in the heart and the head. Cherish, then, all such treasure, and when unworthy recollection comes to mind, *remember to forget it!*

Family church-going was a trial—but, sighs this mother of five . . .

My Children Got Religion

By FRANCES STOCKWELL LOVELL

MARGIE had just begun to wear frilly dresses and white gloves to church—and to pointedly ignore the boys across the aisle—when she came home one Sunday and asked: "Mother, what did you think of the sermon today? Wasn't it just a little *too* orthodox?"

I started to make a hasty reply, hesitated, and then lapsed into stunned silence. I couldn't remember a word the minister had said! I had spent the worship hour lost in my own thoughts—wondering if the roast would burn, if I dared wear that old Easter bonnet again next week, if there would be enough apple pie in case Aunt Mable dropped by.

That was the day I began to wonder if I really had been in church nearly every Sunday for the better part of 30 years. Trying to sift the religious experiences out of what seemed a lifetime of shepherding five children through church-school and church, I drew a blank.

It seemed my clearest memory of church was the Sunday Margie, then 10, wore her new hat. She would raise it high in the air, stretching the elastic chin strap to the limit, and scratch her hair vigorously. Then she'd release the hat. It would spring back onto her head with a loud plop.

When Margie ignored my frenzied motions, I hastily scribbled a note: "Stop scratching! People will think there's something in your hair!" There *was!* And it took a week of daily vinegar shampoos to cure it.

Church was all mixed up with years of trying to get the fifth child dressed before the first spilled hot chocolate on her white dress, or of wondering—just as we entered the sanctuary—if I had remembered to comb my own hair. We lived on a farm and frequently had to ride to church in a truck which performed more workaday chores during the week. Our arrival would be preceded by the basso booming of empty milk cans and a faint aroma of barnyards.

On our good days, we would slink down the aisle during the first hymn, trailing an aura of shoe polish, tooth powder, hair tonic, perfume, and the Sloan's liniment on Johnny's skinned knee. "Oh, Mother," one of the older girls would whisper loudly, "I could just die!" I could have died, too, on the Sunday I noticed that, in the last-minute rush, I had slipped on the coat I usually wore when feeding the chickens.

When the children were smaller, I often stuffed my purse with raisins, prunes, and crackers which they ate during the service. Men may joke about the size of women's purses, but one never has been made that would hold enough edibles to last five healthy children through a Vermont sermon!

There was a time, too, when the children would sit quietly, reading or drawing pictures. This came to a stop when they began to display extraordinary talent for portraying the back of Mrs. Jones' head, complete with frilly hat, rather large ears, and stringy hair, and then holding up their art work for everyone to admire.

Then we had a young, enterprising minister who replaced the hard pews in our church with theater seats. When a small child stood up in them, which he did about six times an hour, his feet would shoot down through the crack, and the seat would grab him like a bear trap. Screams would mingle with the sound of collection pennies clattering across the floor. This could be particularly disconcerting when it interrupted the solemn strains of "We bear the strains of earthly care."

Yes, I'm afraid my thoughts were not always with God during the years the children were growing up. Somehow they got religion—while I got gray. But from now on nothing's going to distract my attention. If the grandchildren are as wriggly and noisy as their parents were—well, I'm not going to let it bother me. It's my turn to get religion!

". . . They began . . . portraying the back of Mrs. Jones' head . . . and then holding up their art work for everyone to admire."

Vast forests and thousands of wild creatures owe their existence to . . .

America's Four-Legged

IN MAY of 1950, flames leaped and crackled across New Mexico's Sacramento Mountains, cutting a charred path through thousands of acres of lush timber in Lincoln National Forest. Men breathed smoke and braved intense heat as they fought to check the blaze, then fell back as fresh crews took their places.

Late one afternoon, as a weary crew retreated from the fire line for food and rest, one of the men spied a tiny, black ball of singed fur clinging to a limb of a charred tree. It was a bear cub, whimpering in pain and terror. The crew took it back to camp.

The men fed the forlorn refugee candy and canned milk, then turned him over to Ray Bell, now New Mexico State Forester.

Bell put the suffering cub in a cardboard box and airlifted him to Santa Fe, where a veterinarian took charge. The bear soon was out of danger, and Bell took him home and persuaded his wife to "adopt" the forest waif.

At first, the baby bruin refused to eat. But Mrs. Bell mixed baby food with milk and honey and rubbed the concoction on the bear's snout. He licked it off, and the hunger strike was over.

The cub worshiped Mrs. Bell and quickly made friends with Judy, the Bells' four-year-old daughter, and a cocker-spaniel pup. But for reasons unknown, he always seemed to identify Bell with the pain he had suffered in the forest fire—and never missed a chance for a retaliatory nip at his imagined tormentor.

Now, 11 years later, this once tiny, insignificant cub ranks as one of the best-known and most influential figures in America. He is known to millions as "Smokey Bear."

Forest Service personnel say this great cinnamon-colored creature—he who looks out at you from posters and television screens and warns, "Only YOU Can Prevent Forest Fires"—is the most powerful force in the U.S. today in preventing fires in our vast forest lands.

There will be no bars when Smokey (above) and his mate move into plush new quarters in Washington's National Zoo. A wall and a moat will keep the bears in—and overeager admirers out.

How does he do it?

With his uncanny appeal, Smokey has united the youth of our country in a massive movement to stamp out fires which annually destroy more than 3 million acres of timber. If you don't think his youthful fans are loyal, just let one of them catch you being careless with matches or cigarettes! He—or she—will not hesitate to tell you what that ashtray in the car is for.

Most of these moppets know more about fire safety than their elders. And no wonder: they sleep with Smokey Teddy bears, wear Smokey T-shirts, dungarees, and belts, eat Smokey cookies, read Smokey comics, and even take pictures with Smokey Bear cameras. Sales of these consumer products—each cosponsored by the Association of State Foresters—produce hundreds of thousands of dollars in royalties used

Fire Fighter

By HENRY N. FERGUSON

Smokey (left) had a singed bottom—but he still played follow-the-leader.

to finance the fight to prevent forest fires.

Each of the products bears a forest-fire prevention message and includes an invitation to join the Smokey Junior Forest Rangers. More than 3 million children have accepted the invitation, and many of them have been credited with reporting fires in time to prevent disaster.

Membership is not limited to children, either. Some names on the roster read like a list from *Who's Who*. Former Presidents Dwight D. Eisenhower and Harry S. Truman are members, as are the governors of most of our states—plus an old cowpoke from out in Smokey's country named Hopalong Cassidy.

Smokey's fan mail rivals that of any Hollywood star, and he receives as many as 1,000 letters per day. Some carry Smokey seals instead of postage stamps, but they still go through the mail. Central Post Office in Washington, D.C., is so accustomed to Smokey's fan mail that it now directs to him letters bearing such addresses as, "Smokey, U.S.A.," or, "Bear Headquarters, Washington." The correct address is: Smokey Bear Headquarters, Washington, D.C.

Some of the comments in the let-

Like a foreign dignitary, Smokey was met by a crowd and donned a 10-gallon hat upon his arrival in Washington, D.C., 11 years ago.

Smokey Bear's first young fan was Judy Bell, then four, who helped her mother nurse him back to health.

ters are as brief and forthright as the addresses. One exasperated little girl wrote: "I have tried to break daddy from throwing out cigarettes from the car."

This request came from Pasadena, Calif.: "Would you please send me another Smokey badge? Mine broke. . . . Thank you very much, [Signed] James Roosevelt, Jr."

The idea of a bear as a symbol to dramatize the fight against forest fires was born soon after World War II. Albert Staehle, cover artist for the *Saturday Evening Post,* designed a poster showing a bear dousing a campfire with water. For five years these posters were circulated around the country, reminding people of their responsibility to their natural resources.

Then a carelessly thrown cigarette started a forest fire in New Mexico, 15 million board feet of timber were destroyed, countless wild creatures died—and an orphaned four-pound bear cub began his unique career.

Soon after Bell inherited his wounded cub, Clint Davis, director of the Smokey Bear program, conceived the idea of a live stand-in for the bear being used on fire-prevention posters. Bell's young pet was elected, and quickly captured the public's fancy. Newspapers described him as "the incarnation of a Teddy bear," and kept readers informed of his health, diet, and amusing antics.

National Zoological Park in Washington, D.C., was designated as Smokey's official residence, but not before he had launched a triumphal tour of the nation from Santa Fe, N.Mex., on June 27, 1950. Hundreds of fans greeted his plane at each stop, but the climax came on his arrival at Washington. Throngs of children braved a rainstorm to greet him, and President Truman ordered that he be received in the Presidential Room, reserved for the airport's distinguished official visitors.

At the reception, Smokey nonchalantly nibbled the expensive green rug, washed down the impromptu snack with a swig of milk from his bottle, then curled up for a nap. Later he was whisked off to his new home at the zoo.

Smokey even has been the subject of special legislation in the Congress of the United States. In May of 1952, a bill passed making his likeness a kind of trade-mark for the U.S. Forest Service and all state foresters. The bill's principal backer was an unorganized but highly effective lobbying group consisting primarily of hundreds of thousands of American children.

Smokey is a big bear now, a beautiful reddish-brown creature who well could have been the original model for the poster which has become the hallmark of forest-fire prevention. He has been living in an ordinary barred cage, but he soon will "marry," and move into plush new quarters with his mate. A drive is underway to raise $25,000 and build Smokey a fenceless (but moat-encircled) home resembling a ranger station, with two log cabins and a flagpole.

But even as he settles down to family life, Smokey is expected to remain the symbol of forest fire prevention. He has come a long way since that day when, as a helpless cub, he was plucked out of a raging inferno in the Sacramento Mountains.

THAT'S A HOT ONE!

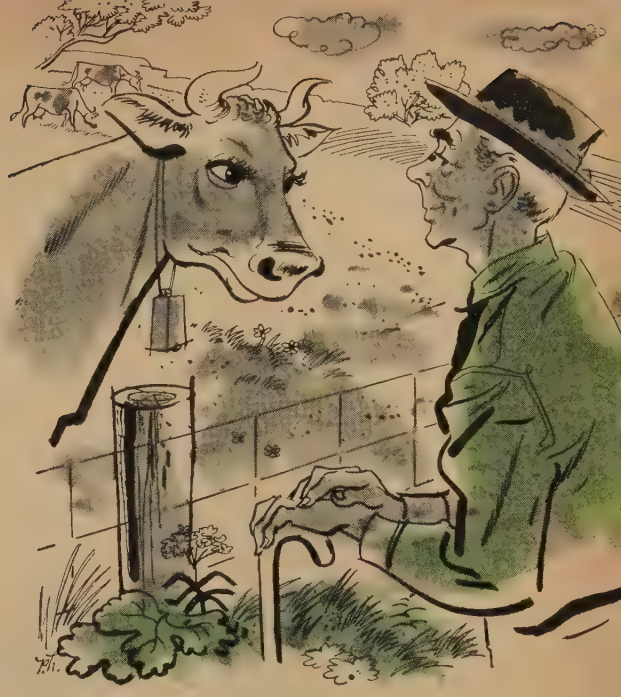
In telling the story of Moses to my church-school first-graders, I explained that God spoke to Moses through a bush that was on fire.

"And what," I asked, "do you think God wanted to tell Moses?"

Immediately an alert follower of Smokey Bear volunteered: "Put out that fire!"

—GLADYS BRYAN, *Lockhart,* S.C.

Don't Put Me Out to Pasture



By FRANCES FOWLER ALLEN

TO ATTEND open house at a new home for elderly ladies, a friend and I drove 10 miles out of town, then another quarter mile inside the imposing stone gates. The view, when we finally reached the home, was beautiful.

"What lucky old ladies!" my friend exclaimed. "Imagine being able to spend your last years in such a quiet, beautiful spot!"

I disagreed. "Why," I asked myself, "do we put our old folks out to pasture?"

Surely, it seemed to me, most elderly women want more than peace and quiet. Members of my family make a habit of living into their 80s, so I know something of old folks' needs. I am sure that restful quiet is not enough.

While visiting with the women that afternoon, I couldn't help but think of another group of senior citizens, some happy old men who had lived in a remodeled mansion around which our town had grown up. Their home was just four blocks from the center of town. Across the street was a large office building where many young women worked. Each day, shortly before office hours began, the men crowded out on the front porch to greet the passing girls.

After their young friends had gone to work, some of the men walked to the drugstore to buy a newspaper and swap political views with the druggist; others sauntered over to the newspaper office to watch through the window as the latest news rolled off the teletype. The hardiest went to the railroad station to watch the trains come and go and, while watching travelers greeting each other, to feel something of the sadness of farewells and the joy of reunion.

These contacts gave real spark and vitality to the days of these elderly men.

But then it happened: the home acquired country property six miles from town—another "peace and quiet" deal. I drove out one day to see an old friend whose dynamic zest for living had always delighted me.

Just before I reached the gates, I saw a solitary figure dejectedly trudging down the middle of the country road. He was looking straight ahead, not even glancing at the beautiful countryside. It was my friend. Gone was his zest, his drive. He had always been a city man. He missed the contacts city living had given him.

His was not an isolated case. To my knowledge, few old people choose country loneliness. Where does Grandma sit when she rests in her own home? In the back yard where she has privacy? Not if she can help it! She sits on the front porch or by the front window, where she can watch the children on their way to school, keep track of the mailman, pick up the newspaper when the boy tosses it in the general direction of the steps. Grandma doesn't miss a thing that's worth seeing.

Most elderly people enjoy getting around without assistance as long as possible. Yet, in one new home for senior citizens which we visited, the steep, curving driveway is hard for even a car to climb and the nearest bus stop is two miles away!

With public attention focused on the problem, the governing boards are becoming more realistic. They are less prone to seek country sites in the mistaken belief that most elderly people started life on a farm and thus must want to spend their declining years admiring sunsets.

As for me, I have a private dream of the ideal residence in which I'd like to spend my golden years.

I'd like to live in a home occupied by men and women. At 80-plus, the presence of both sexes still adds spice to life!

I'd like a roomy bedroom with a large closet so that I won't have to crowd my furniture and keepsakes. This extra space can be gained by omitting the stiffly furnished public drawing room.

I'd like several lounging rooms, each just big enough for a TV set, a table, and a few comfortable chairs, with good light for reading.

I'd like more thought, service, and money spent on meals at the expense of keeping up impressive landscaping. Above all, I'd like my home located in town, near churches, shops, buses, and a movie.

In my old age, let me have life around me! All I ask is: Please—don't put me out to pasture!

HE HEADS THE Texas Rangers

His famed lawmen seldom mount a horse these days. Instead, they ride herd on trouble with science as their spurs.

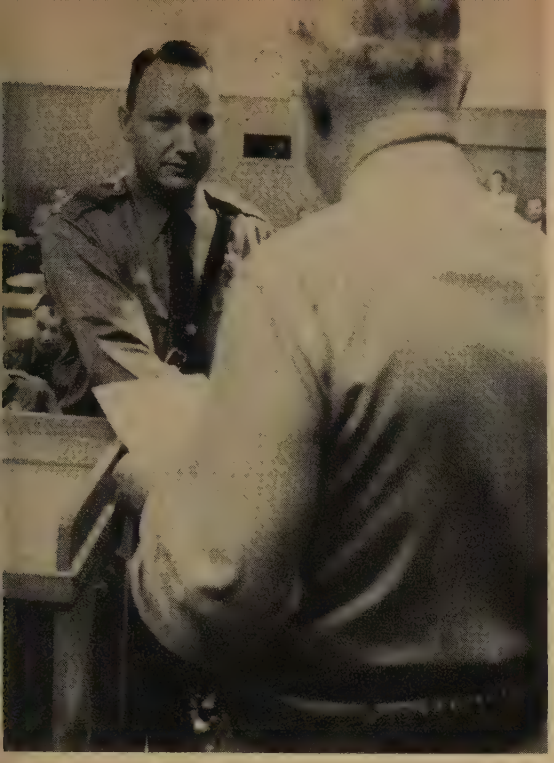
WHEN 19-year-old Homer Garrison, Jr., took a job as deputy sheriff in 1920, his disappointed father told him he might get to be sheriff someday, but then could look forward only to becoming a night watchman. He never got to be sheriff, but today Colonel Homer Garrison, Jr., is chief of the Texas Rangers, and the Lone-Star State's No. 1 law-enforcement officer. He's also husband, father, solid citizen—and Methodist steward.

The western-flavored togs and silver-handled Colt .45s Colonel Garrison is wearing (see picture, left) are strictly ceremonial garb. He prefers a business suit, with a small pistol tucked under his belt.

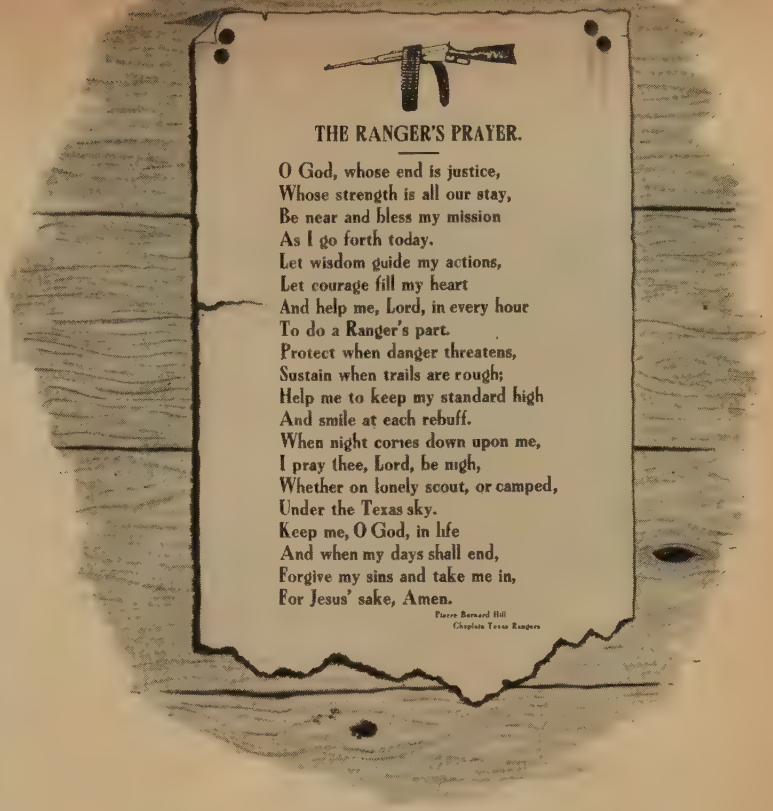
Bossing the Texas Rangers is a big job, but it's just one of Garrison's responsibilities as director of the state's Department of Public Safety. He also heads the highway patrol and the license and weight division. The department has 2,200 employees, and its annual budget exceeds $13 million. Like everything else in Texas, Garrison's job is big. It follows him home, where the telephone jangles continuously to keep him in touch with the remotest corners of a vast state.

Because father and son share the same name, 19-year-old Homer Garrison III is referred to as "Trey," an Americanized spelling of the Spanish word *tres,* meaning three. Mrs. Garrison, the former Mary Nell Kilgo, was director of personnel in the colonel's driver's license division 22 years ago when their office romance led to a June wedding in Austin's First Methodist Church. Today, Colonel Garrison is on the official board of this same church. Mrs. Garrison teaches church school, and Trey is active in the youth division.

Colonel Garrison has achieved a rank he might have attained via another route. His parents hoped he would attend West Point, but an attack of malaria interrupted his schooling, and he dropped out after completing 10 grades. He worked briefly as a surveyor before becoming a deputy sheriff. Nine years later he joined the highway patrol, and in nine more years he rose from the rank of private to his present rank as head of his state's lawmen,



Traffic police win promotions in tough exams. J. O. Tanner topped a field of 80 to earn his sergeant's stripes—and his boss's praise.



THE RANGER'S PRAYER.

O God, whose end is justice,
Whose strength is all our stay,
Be near and bless my mission
As I go forth today.
Let wisdom guide my actions,
Let courage fill my heart
And help me, Lord, in every hour
To do a Ranger's part.
Protect when danger threatens,
Sustain when trails are rough;
Help me to keep my standard high
And smile at each rebuff.
When night comes down upon me,
I pray thee, Lord, be nigh,
Whether on lonely scout, or camped,
Under the Texas sky.
Keep me, O God, in life
And when my days shall end,
Forgive my sins and take me in,
For Jesus' sake, Amen.

Pierre Bernard Hill
Chaplain Texas Rangers

Colonel Garrison is a familiar figure to almost every policeman in Texas. In a year, he covers over 50,000 miles by plane and by car. Here, he's test-driving an auto in Austin. It must show itself "Garrison proof" before he will permit his department to buy it.

University of Texas law students greet Garrison with a standing ovation. He delivers about 30 speeches each year.

Here's an armload of bread for youngsters in an orphans home. Mrs. Garrison and fellow members of the Junior Helping Hands pick it up daily from a baker who donates his surplus.

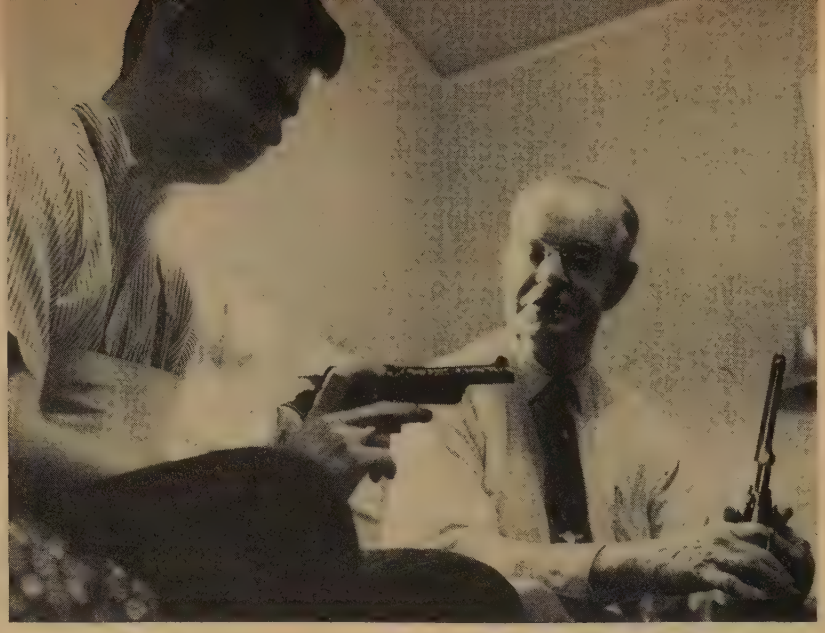
The Colonel's welcome-home comes from the one member of the household who "outranks" him—General, the family's pet Chihuahua. Later, when Garrison relaxes with a book, it'll likely be a mystery or a western.

whose proud tradition dates back to 1823 when Texas was part of the Republic of Mexico.

After 22 years in his job, Colonel Garrison still hasn't permitted himself to become desk-bound. Both he and his men constantly are on the go. Although there are only 52 Rangers now, the elite officers travel more than 2 million miles annually by car and plane. Their individual horseback time averages a mere 30 minutes a month. In a year, Rangers write more than 8,000 reports—a far cry from the days when they turned in scalps instead of written records!

Despite the technological advances, the Rangers haven't changed much. They're still capable, fair, and courageous. And they're personified by their Methodist chief, who talks little, listens well, and believes in the ultimate victory and justice of the law.

The Rev. Marvin Vance is a dinner guest, so General's on his good behavior. Still, he gets a few tasty table scraps.



An all-around sportsman, Trey excels at swimming, skiing, hunting, and skin diving. His left arm is strapped to his side because of a shoulder injury suffered while skiing. He's O.K. now.

Boating is a sport the family can enjoy together far from the cares of law enforcement.

A Thousand Times NO!

So goes the song, and so went Mom—until she asked herself "Why not?" when the youngsters wanted to find out about the world around them.

A Together in the Home Feature *By SUE GERARD*

THERE used to be times when I thought our two small fry were bent on driving me to distraction with their own special version of the playground game, "Mother, May I?"

One day when I was trying to paint a ceiling the barrage was particularly annoying: "Mother, may I make taffy?" "Mother, may I go to the attic to get dress-up clothes?" "Mother, may Charlie come to stay all night?"

Refusing for the umpteenth time, I fairly shouted: "No! No! A thousand times no!"

As I took an angry swipe with the brush, the next line of the song popped into my head: "I'd rather die than say yes!"

That stopped me. I looked down at my long-faced youngsters and was sure they thought I would. Nancy, seven, was gazing dispiritedly out the window. Five-year-old Gene looked as if I'd taken his last toy.

"Gene, call Charles," I said determinedly. "It's O.K. if his mother wants him to come over. Nancy, go on up to the attic. I'll be there to help you in a few minutes."

Hurrying to finish the ceiling, I remembered the summer before when we were driving through the Ozarks. Spying an open-air skating rink at sundown, my husband said: "Let's find a cabin, then come back here to skate."

"Skate!" chorused the youngsters from the back seat. "After all the things you haven't let *us* stop and see!"

They brought their "treasure" —the skull of a cow—into the room. Her first reaction was to scream.

Their father and I talked about it after the children were asleep. Through the day they had begged to stop at a shady creek and wade, to watch a haystacker at work in a field, to pick up "pretty rocks," to linger as a fisherman cleaned his catch. But to all their pleas we had said no. We were trying to get to the lake before noon the next day, and there just hadn't been time for stopping—or so we had thought.

Now, on the ladder painting the ceiling, I wondered if we had been wrong. Children are people, and play is their work—their opportunity to explore the world around them. If their every request to do this is frustrated, they're deprived of an important part of growth and development.

It wasn't easy for me to do an about-face. A few days later I was in the den when Nancy and Gene rushed in. "Come and see our discovery!" they shouted excitedly. Their treasure was just inside the living room door: the skull of a cow, complete with spiders, dirt, and dry leaves.

My first reaction was to scream, "Get that thing out of here!" But fortunately the children were chattering eagerly: "There're a lot more bones down there, Mother. We can get all you want."

"Thank you, I think this is enough," I managed weakly. Overcoming my revulsion, I helped them put newspapers under the skull, spray it for spiders, and sweep up the debris.

Then we settled down on the floor for what turned out to be a fascinating lesson in anatomy. We pried out some of the teeth and examined their roots, located the brain cavity

and sinus, and checked how the lower jaw once had fitted into place. The children learned a lot that afternoon; I learned more.

Since then it's easier to leave a bed unmade while we watch a mother robin feed her young, or to stop dusting the piano keys to peck out a tune the children want to sing.

The children's requests have led to some interesting experiences for all of us.

They asked a dock worker if they could see the inside of a big ship, and we were taken on a private tour of a Norwegian freighter.

They wondered how a sports writer could predict when the grunion would run, so we went to see if he were right and to learn how people catch these strange little fish. Just watching wasn't enough. In the eerie night light at California's Seal Beach we waded in, clothes and all, and scooped up the wiggling little fish in our bath towels. That happened between midnight and three in the morning, and nobody complained of being tired.

An old-timer took us for a ride on a steam threshing machine. We took turns steering the huge, smoke-belching iron monster, tooting the whistle, and throwing coal in the firebox.

Because the children urged us, we fished in the ocean with trout tackle; dug clay out of a creek bank, cleaned it, aged it, and molded it into flower vases and book ends; made a snowman when the ground was just barely white.

Occasionally, we've been talked into something with results that were less than desirable. Once, for instance, we told the children they could take a spring hike alone. Nancy returned with cockleburs in her hair. She thought it was a good place to carry them because they left her hands free. We painfully pulled out 11, counted 19 more, and decided on a "pixie" bob.

Then there was the day Gene begged to help me redecorate the bathroom woodwork. He had learned in kindergarten to do a careful job of painting, he insisted, so I dressed him in one of his daddy's old shirts, spread papers on the floor, gave him a small can of paint and a brush, and left him to paint a door panel. Returning a few minutes later, I found him doing a neat job of painting—on the door's hall side!

Of course, there are times when I must say an irrevocable "No!" I've no patience with viewing television hour after hour, with roughhouse antics while swimming, with biting, spitting, or kicking. I have a ready "no" for the careless handling of a BB gun or sling shot, for cruelty to birds or animals, or for willful or thoughtless destruction of property.

These times when we must say "no" for the children's protection, or to preserve the rights of others, mount up. I don't think it's necessary to add to them to mold character.

So now, when Nancy and Gene ask us if they may do something, I try never to ask them, "Why would you want to do that?" Instead, I ask myself, "Why not?"

And if I can't think of a good reason why not, I'm delighted to see my youngsters off on another new experience in the business of growing up.

Seeking to understand things of the spirit, she found at a picnic pilgrimage the answer to

How God Signs His Name

By JEAN BELL MOSLEY

WALKING three miles to Sunday school and back through deep snowdrifts in winter and under the relentlessly hot sun in summer, Lou and I sometimes wondered if we were "getting our money's worth," especially when meadow dews soaked our Sunday stockings, cockleburs matted our shoe laces, and snakes and lizards lay across our path.

We had been taught to put our efforts into the things from which we would get the most durable and lasting benefits. We wore brass-toed shoes to school, for that way we were comfortably shod and one pair would last all winter. A sheet-iron roof was put on the old farmhouse so it would never have to be roofed again. Fancy vegetables in the seed catalogues were looked at, but pole-bean, turnip, and tomato seeds were ordered. Emphasis was put on the rugged, hardy, enduring things. All wool and a yard wide. Cast iron. Solid oak.

So it was with some misgivings that we contemplated the benefits of the six-mile journey to Sunday school.

"We have not exhausted the possibilities," Lou said one Sunday on our way home. Whenever she made such an announcement, squint-eyed, and grim-faced, it was with the finality of doomsday.

"Whatdaya mean, 'exhausted the possibilities'?" I asked.

She always looked at me witheringly whenever I called for an explanation, but it was a sort of ritual.

"Well—" she said, and that was all until we came to the old rail fence separating our farm from the Stacey's.

"We ought to be getting something out of it."

"I know the books of the Bible, the Beatitudes, the Commandments and the Lord's Prayer," I said, eagerly.

"Oh, sure," Lou shrugged. "So does everyone."

"I don't think you ought to shrug about it."

"Well, I don't mean to shrug a—a—shrug. I mean those things are everyone's property. I think there ought to be something personal between you and God, and me and God, that there isn't between anyone else."

I picked at a loose piece of wood on the rail. When anyone started talking about God I was uneasy for I didn't know who or where God really was. Mama said God was Love. The preacher said He was Power. Miss Tillie, our Sunday-school teacher, said He was the Bread of Life. There was a poem we knew that said, "God's in his heaven—all's right with the world." Yet some said He was everywhere and the preacher prayed for Him to be with us night and day.

To a little girl, used to adding up two and two and getting four every time, these indefinite, contradicting things were puzzling.

"Couldn't you and I go together as one?" I asked, not wanting to be separated from Lou for even a minute, and that she should strike up a relationship with God and leave me out would have been unbearable.

"Well, I don't know," she demurred, glancing at me sideways, as if judging my capacity to understand things of the spirit. "See what you can find out about Him."

READER'S CHOICE

This month's *Reader's Choice* should bring nostalgia to many a Methodist not only because it's about a church-school picnic, but also because its background is historic McKendree Chapel, one of Methodism's 10 shrines. McKendree, standing near Cape Girardeau, Mo., was built in the early 1800s. It's said to be the oldest Protestant building (as well as the oldest Methodist church) west of the Mississippi. Each year, students from McKendree College, Lebanon, Ill., "cut" classes to tote cleanup tools to the tiny structure and improve the grounds. [See *Methodism Spans the Mississippi*, November, 1959, page 2.]

Author Mosley, as her story relates, spent a decisive day there as a young girl—and she tells about it in the lilting manner which has won her many followers. One of these, Mrs. H. A. Longino, of McLean, Tex., receives $25 for first suggesting this story to us. Have you one to suggest? Let's hear!—EDS.

The picnic the author describes—circa 1930—was to McKendree Chapel, the shrine which is the oldest Methodist church west of the Mississippi. Named after Bishop William McKendree, it's five miles northwest of Cape Girardeau, Mo.

"Who?" I asked. She said, "God."

"How soon?"

"Any time. Say next Sunday."

But I didn't have any answers by the next Sunday, or the next, or the next, and neither did Lou. There was nothing any more personal in our relationship with God than there had been before.

I felt that I was working against time. Any day now Lou was likely to come up with something and leave me out in the cold. But nothing new happened and I thought that Lou had forgotten all about it. Perhaps she had changed her mind and thought we were exhausting the possibilities after all.

With the coming of spring our Sunday-school superintendent decided that for our annual picnic we would make a pilgrimage to McKendree Chapel, an old log-cabin building, the oldest church of our denomination west of the Mississippi River.

This would mean a tremendously long journey of approximately 75 miles, a feat never accomplished in lumbering farm wagons or even in the more sprightly buggies. There were not enough automobiles in the community to accommodate the crowd, so two big cattle trucks were commissioned and, in pink and white organdy dresses, with fried chicken, baked beans, and cocoanut cake stacked away in one corner, we set out early in the morning.

It was a wonderfully warm, sweet-smelling day. Though the roads were rutted and bumpy, around each bend was a fresh new picture of spring—green meadows pinned down with dandelion brooches, grazing sheep on a stumpy hillside, or freshly plowed fields mellowing in the sun.

The old log church sat back from the road in a grove of giant oaks, while lesser trees of dogwood and redbud adorned the outer fringes of the woodland. Buttercups and bluets pushed up through the thick grass and nearby a bubbling spring reflected the delicate tracery of uncurling ferns. It was a fitting place for pioneers to choose to kneel in worship. Off in the surrounding woods we heard the thrush and the blue jays, alarmed at our coming. As we filed reverently through the narrow doorway to inspect the inside, it was not difficult to pretend that we were coming to church a hundred years earlier.

Save for the huge stone fireplace at one end and the long narrow pews, the old building was not a whole lot unlike our smokehouse at home, with its great yellow poplar logs and handmade cypress-slab roof. An old tuneless organ stood off to one side and Lou and I stroked it with loving care. We tried out all the seats and wondered how it would be to have a fire in the fireplace at church during services.

"Well, when was it built?" Jeptha Alexander demanded.

Brother Johnson set us straight. "They had camp meetings here first for nearly 15 years," he said. "Then, in 1819, this chapel was built."

"Hummm, that was back about

Jefferson's time," Ray Stacey said.

"Jefferson?" Lou demanded. "Why, he was only our third president."

We looked at the old building with even greater awe and respect, and tread gently upon its wide board floors.

Because of the lateness of our arrival, we had only a brief devotional service outside before the picnic lunch, but afterwards everyone crammed and wedged into the old building until it seemed some would stick out between the cracks like corn in a crib. I was on the back row of the choir and could see only the wall behind me and out the little square-paned window, for Nettie McClanahan, Gus Larkey, and Jeem Hollister loomed big and broad-shouldered in front of me.

We chose hymns we thought may have made the rafters ring a century earlier and Brother Johnson took his text from Isaiah: "In returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength."

I studied the flowers in Nettie's dress and the way the hair grew in little whirlwinds on the back of Jeem's neck. Tiring of that, I looked at the wall behind me. There were initials carved deeply into the old logs—M. R. and H. W., A. S. and J. T. I thought up names to go with them. There on one log was carved D. Boone. Did it stand for Daniel Boone? Was it possible he had carved it himself? If so, what a relic that log was and would become as time went on. I traced my own initials with my finger, wondering if, had they been real, someone might make up names to fit them a hundred years from now.

BROTHER Johnson said something and pounded his fist on the altar. A half dozen loud *Amens* followed. I looked anxiously at Lou, sitting down the row from me. She didn't look like she had said anything so I turned back to the wall.

Now, whose name, I wondered, would have meant more to people if carved here in the log than Daniel Boone's did? Jefferson?

He could have . . . He could have sat right here where I was sitting and carved his name. Teacher wouldn't have liked it, though. Teacher! This wasn't a schoolhouse. This was a church house. God's house. How would it have been had God carved his name there? That would have made people gather round. I visualized how it would look. Right over Boone's name. Silly me. God couldn't write, could he? Well, silly me again—God could do anything. If he wanted to sign his name somewhere, he who had created the heavens and the earth, he could most certainly do it!

Now, just suppose, I reasoned to myself, that God wanted to write his name around here to let people know he'd been here. How would he do it? I looked out the window and my gaze fell on a patch of bluets in the grass.

Funny, that isolated little patch of bluets like that. Almost like someone had planted them. Well, someone had, of course. Mr. Kotiski had just made an *X* for his name. Why wouldn't God make a patch of bluets for his? Or a—a—I looked around for other things, excited with the enormity of my discovery. My eyes lifted to a bluebird sitting on a bough.

Sure, there He'd signed his name again. Just for me. I closed my eyes to shut out all other things while I pondered this thought. Several *Amens* sounded and it was as if they were underlining my discovery. A good warm feeling spread over my body. For a horrid moment I thought I was going to cry, right up there in the choir section. I wondered who I ought to tell first about this, if anyone. What fun I was going to have the rest of my life looking for places where God had signed his name. Maybe telling it would spoil it.

This was a lovely thing between me and God—why, it was what Lou had meant, a personal thing. I looked down the row at her, observing the dear, familiar, freckled face that could be Pythias, or Ananias, or a Dutch Twin with equal aplomb. Her stubby-fingered hands were folded peacefully in her lap—hands that had tied my shoes, combed my hair and led me confidently across the river; hands that had patched sacks with me, hoed corn, milked cows, carried water. Of course, God had signed his name there in her hands.

All the way back home that day, I saw His signature, written in many forms, like one would write in many languages so that, if one missed it here, it would be there. The meadow lark, balancing on a millet stalk, the hands of the old man loosening a horse's foot caught in the wire fence, the tender way Mrs. McDowell held her baby in the bumping truck, the big pines marching up the hill, the sunset that evening, and the fireflies in the meadow at night.

A FEW Sundays later, after Lou had already climbed over the old rail fence on our way home from Sunday school, I sat on top and said: "I've got it."

"Got what?" she demanded, climbing back up.

"Something between me and God."

"Whatdaya mean?"

I tried to look at her witheringly, but this I never could do quite as well as she.

"I know where He signs his name."

She looked at me warily, hardly believing, yet not daring to disbelieve.

"See these bluebells," I pointed to a clump. "He's been there. He signed his name there. And that cloud up there—that's his signature, too." I pointed out many other things, anxious that Lou should share this new knowledge with me. "Everywhere there is something beautiful, He's signed his name," I explained.

"Yeah," she said, slowly at first, but then again, "Yeah," her eyes widening, and again, "Yeah!"

I was glad Lou understood, for now we could hunt together for places where God had signed his name. But whether she had or not, I was no longer skeptical about the worth of the journey to Sunday school, for out of these journeys, with the early questionings and skepticism, had come a most durable, lasting, iron-clad, brass-toed relationship between God and me. For, I reasoned, if we search for Him where he has been, surely we will find him where he is.

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She never sailed—but incoming tides bore her a unique cargo.

OLD BETHEL:

The Ship That Was a Church

By V. L. NICHOLSON

THE GOOD SHIP *John Wesley* was perhaps the strangest mission house in Methodist history. Popularly known as Bethel Ship Mission, the battered brigantine was declared unseaworthy and never sailed beyond the end of a hawser tied to a pier at the foot of Carlisle Street in New York's North River. Yet her name and influence spread far, carried west by immigrant landlubbers who settled in Iowa, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, and east—to the ports of Northern Europe—by hardy sailors.

For nearly 30 years, Bethel Ship was the hub of Methodist work among Scandinavians coming to America. And, like spokes from that hub, the sturdy farmers and salty seamen converted on her decks carried Methodism's message wherever they went—whether it was halfway across a continent or back across the Atlantic. Today, almost all the Methodist churches in Scandinavia and many of those in the Midwest can trace their beginnings to this strange ship.

Between 1840 and 1876, some 200,000 Scandinavian immigrants arrived in New York, and additional thousands of Scandinavian sailors touched briefly at the port. Methodism was quick to recognize the need and opportunity for evangelism among these pious and industrious folk. Set adrift from the strong state churches in their homelands, many of them were without any religious ties.

Olof Hedstrom

Methodist preachers holding impromptu services aboard ships in the busy harbor were received so enthusiastically that in 1845 New York's Asbury Society purchased the condemned brig *Henry Leeds* for the unique purpose of launching a mission. Rechristening the ship with the name of Methodism's founder, they berthed her in the center of Scandinavian shipping traffic and appointed Olof Gustaf Hedstrom pastor.

Hedstrom was an inspired choice. A former Swedish sailor, he had been converted in New York in 1829 and soon entered the ministry. Husky, tireless, and an eloquent speaker, he met every incoming Scandinavian ship, passing out literature and inviting the crews and passengers to his services.

Hedstrom preached the first sermon on Bethel Ship on May 25, 1845. Fifty Swedes attended. Within a few months, Old Bethel had a membership of 45 and a church-school enrollment of 78. Before the year ended, 15,000 persons had attended the shipboard services, and Hedstrom was preaching three sermons each Sunday—in Swedish, German, and English. By 1850, he was giving away 15,000 Bibles and Testaments annually.

News spread swiftly of the ship that never went anywhere but reached so many people. Immigrants began coming to Hedstrom for advice on how to find jobs, or where to settle in the West. Many destitute families spent their first nights in America aboard Bethel Ship. When they left, many were devout converts and spokesmen for Methodism.

The enthusiasm of these sailors and immigrants was contagious. Ole Peter Petersen, converted in 1846, wrote to his fiancée, family, and friends in Norway of his deep spiritual experiences aboard Bethel Ship. The letters were passed around until worn out, and in 1849 he was asked to come home and tell more about his exciting new faith. The crowds which came to hear him preach soon overflowed the largest halls available.

English Methodists had established a foothold in Sweden as early as 1826, but strong state-church opposition inhibited growth. John Peter Larsson, a Bethel Ship convert, returned home in 1850 to break down these barriers. His fiery enthusiasm ignited a revival which reached into every corner of the land. After 1873, when the state liberalized its laws concerning the practice of religion, a new wave of evangelism swept

A visitor at Boston's Seamen's Bethel was Jenny Lind, "the Swedish Nightingale"—a deeply religious person whose warm coloratura voice won her world-wide adoration.

through the country like a rising tide.

Methodism's message quickly spilled into Denmark from Norway and was amplified by the spirited preaching of Boie Smith, still another Bethel convert. In 1866, St. Pauls Methodist Church, seating 1,000, was dedicated in Copenhagen.

Both the Sweden and Norway annual conferences were established in 1876, and nine years later Finland was made a part of the Sweden conference. In 1892, the Finland and St. Petersburg Mission was organized and included all Methodist activities in Finland and Russia. Denmark's Mission Conference was formed in 1900, its annual conference in 1911.

Most remarkable, this rapid growth of Methodism in Scandinavia was accomplished not by foreign missionary effort, but almost solely as a result of the work done on the decks of Bethel Ship in New York. And it was accomplished in an atmosphere of hostility, at a time when becoming a Methodist could mean loss of job, disqualification for certain offices, or persecution.

Meanwhile, other Scandinavians converted on Bethel Ship had been carrying their faith westward to new homes in America with equal fervor. In 1846, Jonas J. Hedstrom, Olof's brother, organized the first Swedish Methodist society in the West at Victoria, Ill. Four years later, Norwegian Methodist missions were established at West Cambridge, Wis., and in Jefferson County, Iowa.

In a single year, Olof Hedstrom and his staff directed more than 3,000 Scandinavians westward. By 1857, the tide of immigration across the decks of the *John Wesley* was so heavy that she was sold and a larger ship purchased. This craft was moved to the foot of Harrison Street in Brooklyn in 1876 and finally was docked in Jersey City.

As some of his earlier converts settled nearby and the rush of immigrants began to slacken, Hedstrom reluctantly agreed to transfer his operations ashore. So began the corporate successor to Bethel Ship, Brooklyn's Swedish Immanuel Church, dedicated in May, 1872, and the Lexington Avenue Swedish Methodist Church in New York City, founded two years later.

While Bethel Ship was the fount of Scandinavian Methodism both in this country and abroad, a parallel evangelistic endeavor was conducted in Boston by Father Edward T. Taylor, also a Methodist. One of the most persuasive preachers of his time, the Virginia-born former sailor was pastor of the Mariners' Church—sometimes called the Seamen's Bethel—for 43 years. Thousands of immigrants and sailors came to his little church in North Square.

Among Father Taylor's enthusiasts were such celebrated persons as Ralph Waldo Emerson, Daniel Webster, and Jenny Lind, the famed Swedish Nightingale. One Sunday in 1850, Miss Lind slipped unnoticed into the congregation just as Father Taylor was warming up to a sermon on the beauties of music in which he praised her voice lavishly.

A rather disreputable looking character suddenly rose up on the steps of the pulpit. "Tell me," he interrupted, "whether you think that anyone who dies during one of Miss Lind's concerts will go to heaven."

Father Taylor, an awesome figure when in full voice, scarcely broke his eloquent stride. "A Christian," he thundered, "will go to heaven wherever he dies, and a fool will be a fool wherever he is—even on the steps of the pulpit."

Father Taylor's old pulpit still is in use across the street at 11 North Square in the interdenominational Mariners' House, and the famed preacher's body is buried beneath a plain marker in the seamen's lot of Boston's Mount Hope Cemetery. The old church now is Roman Catholic, used by descendants of Italian immigrants who settled the area as the Scandinavians moved on.

Delegates to the World Methodist Conference in Oslo, Norway, this August will find the spirit of Bethel Ship and Father Taylor still alive in Scandinavia. For what started more than a century ago on the cramped decks of a small ship moored to a New York dock has grown to embrace more than 26,000 Methodists in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Finland.

Olof Gustaf Hedstrom, who wrote shortly after undertaking his unique pastorate that "the results of these labors have extended to some of the extreme parts of the earth," would find his voice still echoing in remote corners of the world.

From the world's northernmost Methodist church at Hammerfest, Norway, down to the continent of Europe, Scandinavian Methodists today are a growing, self-supporting body. Since 1924 they have trained their own ministers at the Union Scandinavian School of Theology in Gothenburg, Sweden, and when Norwegian and Danish churches were ravaged by bombs in World War II, they came back stronger than ever. Instead of worrying about their own problems, they were among the first to engage in relief work on the Continent and to adopt war orphans in large numbers.

Old Bethel Ship, even though it never left the pier, still is coming in.

"The Methodists are one people in all the world," said John Wesley, but even he would be dazzled by the phenomenal, globe-circling growth of the denomination he founded little more than 200 years ago. The 1960 Methodist Fact Book lists 40 Methodist bodies in 76 countries with nearly 20 million members serving a community of nearly 40 million people. Yet it wasn't until 1881 that Methodists of the world gathered for their first conference—and that primarily for fellowship, not for talk of union.

At the 10th World Methodist Conference in Oslo this month (August 17-25), the wisdom of continuing with only this loose affiliation will be questioned more than ever. Yet still there is no general agreement concerning the degree of world Methodist unity most effective or desirable.

How can Methodism best align its forces to face emerging nationalism, the drive of atheistic communism, the resurgence of Buddhism and Hinduism? Should there be broader programs of co-operation and exchange? Can Methodism's two main streams in Britain and America effect some form of organic union? At Oslo the many pros and cons will be discussed.

MIDMONTH POWWOW

Methodists of the World--UNITE!

'We Should Pool Resources and Man Power'

By CHARLES C. PARLIN, Englewood, N.J.
Vice-President, World Methodist Council

THAT the hand of God raised up and directed the work of John Wesley, founder of Methodism, is now widely accepted. Today the People Called Methodists have a valid and important contribution to make in a troubled world. To do this effectively, Methodists of the world must unite.

While organic union is not immediately feasible, or even desirable, the World Methodist Conference meeting in Oslo this August will consider ways and means of pooling resources and man power.

World mission work remains largely that of a "sending church," carrying with it the badge and flag of its nation. Like it or not, there are many parts of Africa, Asia, and South America where the American and British flags are not welcome. Colonialists and imperialists are the nasty tags attached to us; they cause reactions comparable to our reactions to communist. But if work in these countries were done in the name of World Methodism—which is not tied to any nation, race, or economic system—the mission of the Christian message would be separated from the political aims of a "sending nation."

Of course, any change in the mission-board structure of member denominations will be resisted. Change of the status quo is always resisted. We must remember that originally our districts and annual conferences were laid out to accommodate Methodist preachers traveling on horseback. Today, some boundaries have little justification. But any attempt to disturb even the local status quo, to shift churches from one annual conference to another, can bring out oratory seldom duplicated since the stormy days of the War of Independence.

But Methodists of the world are under compulsion to evangelize and to carry the Christian message to all. If this can be done by World Methodism, then we must work in that better way.

'Are We Not One People?'

By J. B. WEBB, Johannesburg, South Africa
Chairman, Southern Transvaal District
The Methodist Church of South Africa

IF WE agree that Methodists are one people throughout the world, we should be prepared to take the more obvious steps to realize the implications of this slogan. A number of practical advantages of union come to mind, not the least of which would be avoid-

ance of an overlapping of efforts in missionary areas.

It has always been embarrassing to me to find Methodism represented in the same area by different church organizations claiming the same confessional origin. The work of these branches of the church is almost entirely separate. This situation exists today in many parts of Africa. At the same time, other areas are entirely devoid of Methodist witness. Certainly, union would enable us to plan for advances into areas not yet reached by Methodist missionary endeavor.

Others, I am sure, will mention the possibility of developing and expanding the present system of pastoral exchanges to cover wider areas and longer periods. These exchanges now are limited for the most part to the U.S.A. and Great Britain. A plan could be worked out so that pastors could be transferred from one conference to another without the necessity of prior resignation and reinstatement. Since there are deep and widespread differences in basic confessional doctrines and discipline, it is almost impossible for transfers to take place between one Methodist body and another.

Under a federation, as distinct from organic union, I see little danger of theological or organizational monolithism. Rather, I believe there would be much greater possibility of closing gaps that render churches bearing the same confessional title almost total strangers.

'We Need More Than Fellowship'

By ALAN WALKER, Sydney, Australia
Superintendent, Sydney's Central Methodist Mission
The Methodist Church of Australasia

ANYTHING which will strengthen the unity of Christians across national boundaries is important. Any movement which will make more articulate the confessional witness of a church to the ecumenical church is valuable.

The World Methodist Council, symbolizing and expressing the unity of Methodists, is achieving to some degree these purposes. It is making Methodism more conscious of its heritage and is declaring the doctrines and insights for which Methodism stands.

World Methodism will only make its maximum contribution to the whole Church of Jesus Christ as it is determined to see that its confessional life flows into and not away from the ecumenical movement. It will become but a backwater if it tries to deny the direction of the main stream of God's purpose today which is seen so clearly in the whole reunion movement.

The present World Methodist Council must go much further if it is to fulfill its purpose. As one who was present at the last World Methodist Conference (1956) at Lake Junaluska, N.C., I can only express deep disappointment at its nature and result. Not enough care was taken to relate that conference to the World Council of Churches. Sometimes it appeared to be a rival—rather than an ally—of the large ecumenical movement.

World Methodism will not make a worthy contribution to the world Church merely by holding periodic conferences where the main feature is human togetherness and endless speaking. Nor will much be achieved between world conferences by merely looking back into Methodist history and developing Methodist shrines of veneration.

The time has come for World Methodism to build on its foundations. In study, in a more fully developed exchange program, in defining more clearly its relation to the ecumenical movement, it must grow. Above all, it must not only talk, it must plan and act in evangelism. A great vision and plan for World Methodist evangelism would make the World Methodist movement come alive. This in turn would fulfill a vital purpose in the Church and the world today.

'Methodism Could Be a Glorious Movement'

By MRS. ANITA ARAYA, Santiago, Chile
Vice-President, World Federation of Methodist Women

ONE OF the great needs of our time is for better communication, not only at the leader level of the church, but also on the congregational level. It is through communication that individuals and groups achieve a direct, living, inescapable relationship.

A closer federation of Methodist bodies around the world would provide real communication and the means of creating a vigorous church in a continuous process of renovation. Renovation—in intellectual, social, and moral aspects—would put the Methodist church in a better position to understand changes taking place in the world today. A united Methodist church would be in a better position to interpret the Christian message in a world of confusion and radical change. Likewise, we could better analyze, understand, and comprehend the problems which affect man, both as an individual and as a vital part of today's society.

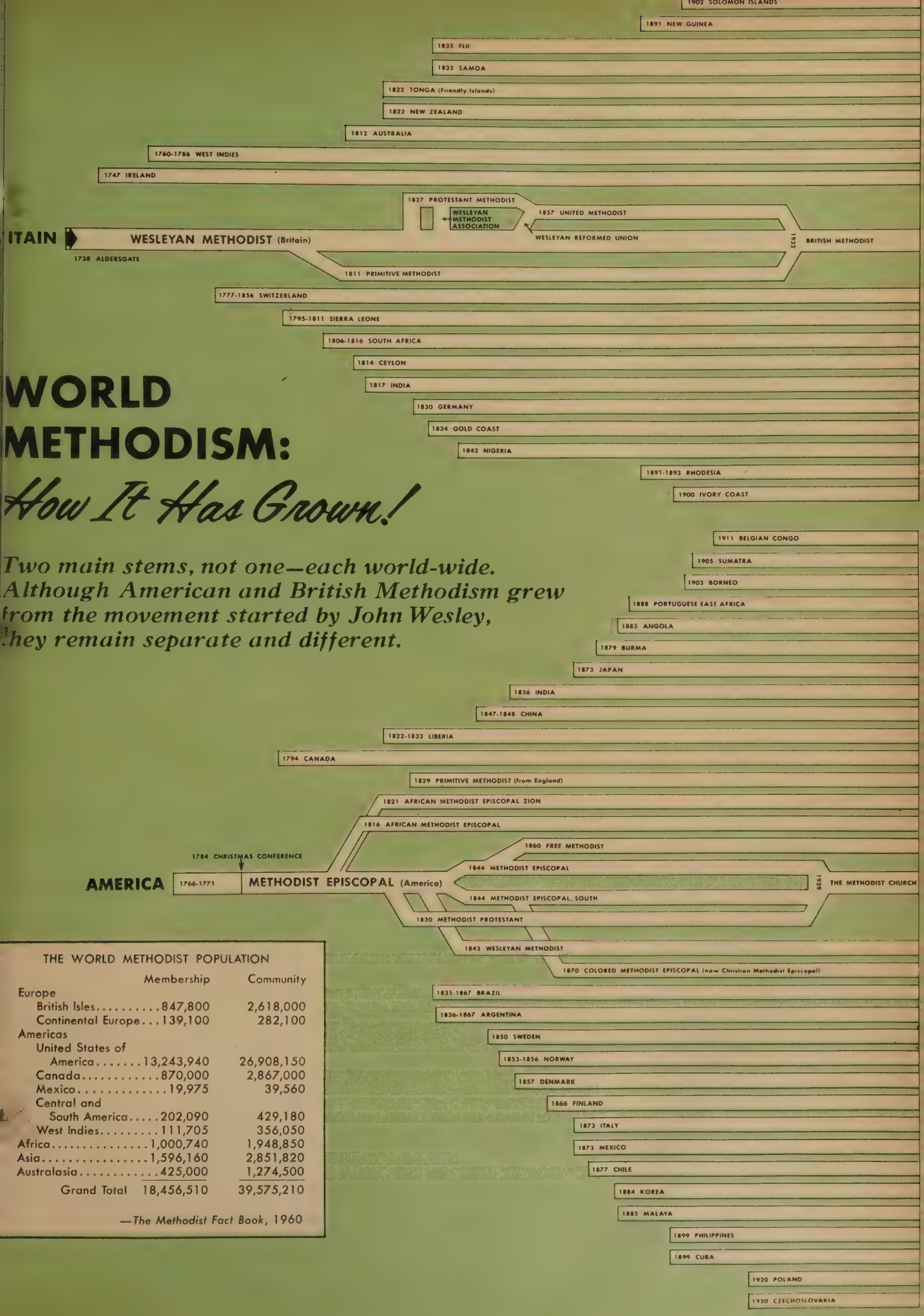
There could be disadvantages, of course. Larger representation from majority groups might tend to strangle minority groups in a federation. But today's experience should assure us that minority groups can no longer be suppressed, repressed, or deliberately disregarded!

Through federation and intensification of the process of communication, the Methodist church could become a glorious movement instead of just a body. This could result in better communication between God and man, an enrichment of the spiritual life of the church that would give Methodists a better comprehension of God's will for the church and for the world.

'Menace—or Boon—to the World Church?'

By RUPERT E. DAVIS, Bristol, England
Member, Executive Committee, World Methodist Council

FIRST, let's consider some of the hazards. A closer federation of Methodist churches throughout the world could be a terrible menace to the world Church and to the cause of Christ. It might lead to denominational imperialism; to sinful complacency with the size and achievements of Methodism; to opposition to the Holy Spirit as He guides us into unions formed of many



WORLD METHODISM:

How It Has Grown!

Two main stems, not one—each world-wide. Although American and British Methodism grew from the movement started by John Wesley, they remain separate and different.

THE WORLD METHODIST POPULATION

	Membership	Community
Europe		
British Isles	847,800	2,618,000
Continental Europe	139,100	282,100
Americas		
United States of America	13,243,940	26,908,150
Canada	870,000	2,867,000
Mexico	19,975	39,560
Central and South America	202,090	429,180
West Indies	111,705	356,050
Africa	1,000,740	1,948,850
Asia	1,596,160	2,851,820
Australasia	425,000	1,274,500
Grand Total	18,456,510	39,575,210

—The Methodist Fact Book, 1960

denominations in many parts of the world. It could lead to obstruction of mission efforts in Asia and Africa (by undue insistence on Methodism rather than Christianity), and consequently the alienation of people not interested in our denominational loyalties. Closer federation could result in one vast ecclesiastical organization which girdled the earth but tended to cut Methodists off from fellowship with other Christians.

In other words, ecumenical Methodism might become the enemy of ecumenical Christianity.

But closer federation ought to help Methodists everywhere to learn more of their common tradition, and assist us in the tasks of evangelism, education, and social service. It should help us to heal our own weaknesses by receiving each other's strength; to work out together what Methodism has received from the Holy Spirit in trust for the whole Church. All this should help bring our church into the common life and thought of the whole Church of God, building a deeper and richer unity than we have yet achieved. In this manner, ecumenical Methodism could be a powerful friend to ecumenical Christianity.

If this is to be, the Oslo Conference must improve and develop the World Methodist Council, with the double purpose of deepening and unifying Methodist witness and of making it available to the whole Church of Christ.

Any steps toward closer union of the branches of Methodism should be consistent with, and a help toward, the broader goal of unity now being sought through the World Council of Churches.

'Unity Needed in the Mission Field'

By WILLIS J. KING, New Orleans, La.
Retired Bishop, Central Jurisdiction, The Methodist Church
Member, Executive Committee, World Methodist Council

A DEFINITE proposal to be put before the Oslo Conference would authorize member churches to assume responsibility for leadership in two areas: world missions, and faith and order. This proposal is being supported, for favorable consideration, by a group of British Methodists.

Enlarged authority would have the advantage of making possible the co-ordination of Methodist work in every part of the world. A case in point is the complete lack of co-operation of British and American missionary efforts in West Africa. And there is little co-operation in other parts of Africa.

Enlarged authority in the area of faith and order would eliminate some of the frustration arising from dealing with such questions as intercommunion by national committee groups rather than by commissions across national lines. This approach is especially needed where conversations between Anglicans and Methodists take place.

Among the disadvantages would be the difficulty of adjusting the present machinery of member churches to the taking over of responsibility for world-mission programs, and the problem of guaranteeing financial support to the world organization. Also, there would be difficulty in keeping alive the enthusiasm for missions at the grass-roots level.

'Does Divided Berlin Point the Way?'

By ERNST SCHOLZ, Berlin, West Germany
District Superintendent, Northeastern Conference
The Methodist Church of Germany

GERMANY is a divided country and Berlin a split city. We who live here know the dangers of separation and the pain of deepening isolation. Yet, there is a certain kind of union in Berlin. As a result of World War II and the occupation of our city, the Protestant churches were drawn closer together. We organized an ecumenical council and a free-church council under Methodist leadership.

Within the latter group there is a very active workshop which meets monthly for lectures and discussions. Working in harmony in a common cause are Old Catholics and Baptists, Lutherans and the Independent Free Church, Mennonites and Moravians, United Brethren, and Methodists. There is increased Christian activity in the press and on radio.

Last April, Methodists from the East and West met in Berlin for a joint annual conference and encouraging results were reported by a delegate, H. Manns. "We came together," he wrote, "not in order to protest—like many others who are meeting here—against the East, or against the West, or against both of them. We did not gather to promote another party, or another fighting group, or movement. We met to demonstrate within the walls of this split city a third power—the redeeming power of understanding, of talking to each other under all circumstances and despite many differences.

"The Methodists of Berlin are living and acting out of the power of the love inspired by Christ. Only in this way and in this spirit could many of the difficulties born of our situation be overcome. Only in this spirit could various representatives out of the ecumenical realm meet like members of one big family. And only in this spirit and attitude could the conference's message be born. This message, calling for peace and love among all people and all governments, was read from all pulpits on the closing Sunday."

Such developments convince me that closer union of Methodist bodies would be a great advantage for us. We should constantly live together in a union of the World Methodist Church instead of meeting only every five years. Ours would be a more effective striking power as we preach Jesus Christ over all the world. Then, indeed, would the world be our parish.

There may be some pitfalls, of course, as Methodism crosses national borders. Different ideas, customs, peculiarities, heredities, and consanguinities will present problems. But we must try to overcome these. As for differing theological attitudes and convictions, we must reach understanding among ourselves. For we have but one common Lord—Jesus Christ.

When the World Methodist Conference convenes in Oslo this month, many delegates arriving from all over the world will have their first look at the city from a ship after having sailed up Oslo Fjord to Norway's capital city. This view from the harbor shows one of Oslo's landmarks: its distinctive and beautiful twin-towered city hall.

In springtime, Norway's flowers are abloom and her many blue fjords reflect majestic mountains that tower on all sides.

Preacher Smith Makes a Date With Destiny

IT IS SUNDAY morning, August 20, 1876, in the gold-mining camp of Deadwood Gulch in the Black Hills of Dakota Territory. The tall Yankee preacher has scribbled a note and tacked it on his cabin door: "Gone to Crook City, and if God is willing, be back at 3 p.m."

He is the Rev. Henry Weston Smith, late of Louisville, Ky., and New England. He is a Methodist preacher, but no conference sent him. He's here on his own, following the Wesleyan circuit-rider tradition: *Where people are, there goes Methodism to serve and to save.*

On Sunday mornings, his voice rises in the streets of Deadwood, a town of quick fortunes, gay life, and gun law. This afternoon, he plans to preach at Crook City, a few miles down Whitewood Gulch.

A solicitous friend offers him a pistol and gun belt. "No," he says, holding up his Bible, "this is my protection. . . . It has never failed me."

A Bible, he is warned, "is very good in its place, but it don't shoot quick enough in an argument with Indians."

The Sioux, heady over their recent defeat of Custer at the Little Big Horn in Montana, are now prowling the foothills. The situation is trigger-tense in the Black Hills mining camps.

But over in Crook City, people are waiting for Preacher Smith to bring them the word of life. So, led by duty as he sees it, he stalks down the trail toward tragedy—and unknowingly, to the immortality of martyrdom.

Painted by Charles Hargens for TOGETHER Magazine. Copyright 1961 by Lovick Pierce.

Preacher Smith:

A Tradition Faces Forward

By HERMAN B. TEETER

AS PREACHER SMITH strode unarmed out of Deadwood Gulch that Sunday morning just 85 years ago, he could not have known that death waited less than an hour away among the Black Hills' thick pine forests, deep canyons, and rugged rock formations. One shot, fired apparently from ambush, killed him.

He was found with hands folded; in them lay the Bible. The blood-stained notes of the sermon he planned to preach at Crook City were in a pocket. He had not been scalped, nor was his body mutilated. Frontiersmen wise in the ways of superstitious Sioux theorized that his slayer recognized him as *Wakan*—holy. Many Indians had both awe and respect for men who carried the mysterious black Book and talked to the Great Spirit. A party brought the corpse back to Deadwood, toward sundown, on a wagon load of fresh hay.

"Isn't it too bad," Calamity Jane is said to have declared, "that the only man who ever came to tell us how to live had to be killed by the Indians?"

That may be only a legend. Years later, men would

Of Preacher Smith's statue, only feet and plaque remain today to mark his grave. A few rods away lie his more lurid contemporaries, Wild Bill Hickok and Calamity Jane.

CONN. 1827 — DAK. 1876
IN MEMORY OF
REV. HENRY WESTON SMITH
A MINISTER OF THE M.E. CHURCH
PIONEER PREACHER IN THE BLACK
HILLS. KILLED BY INDIANS AUG. 20
1876. WHILE ON HIS WAY FROM
DEADWOOD TO CROOK CITY TO PREACH
FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH
THIS TRIBUTE WAS ERECTED BY HIS
BLACK HILLS FRIENDS

recall the incidents of that day with a catch in their throats. The preacher's death was not taken lightly, for Preacher Smith was not without honor in sinful, bawdy, rough-and-tumble Deadwood of '76. A great and good, a humble and courageous man was gone. He had given everything he had to his fellow men.

Deadwood's rough miners rather clumsily but sincerely set about to give him a Christian funeral. They borrowed an Episcopal prayer book from a saloon keeper, and they got Sheriff Bullock to read from it. Then with heads bared and bowed they buried Preacher Smith in an impromptu cemetery beside another who had been killed by Sioux the same day. With a touch of historic prescience, however, they painted the preacher's coffin black so his remains could be identified when someday moved to a permanent graveyard—Mount Moriah Cemetery on a hillside high over Deadwood. There, in 1891, friends erected a statue of red sandstone.

The sequence of reverence continues. . . In 1914, the Society of Black Hills Pioneers set a white shaft along the winding Spearfish Highway, now U.S. 85, near where Preacher Smith fell. Here for decades church people and tourists have met each year on the Sunday nearest August 20 to pay tribute to the memory of the martyred minister. This year, the 85th anniversary, August 20 falls on Sunday. The program is at 2:30 p.m.

Preacher Smith belongs to the Christian tradition of selfless service, and Methodists of South Dakota especially cherish his memory. They have dedicated a room to him at Dakota Wesleyan University, Mitchell, S.Dak. There, with co-operation of Friends of the Middle Border, a regional cultural body, is a notable exhibit of "Preacher Smithiana." It includes the Bible and the blood-stained sermon notes contributed by Preacher Smith's granddaughter, Mrs. Geraldine Weston Holden of Shrewsbury, Mass. There also will be shown the original Charles Hargens canvas, reproduced on preceding pages.

Henry Weston Smith was unusual. A precocious boy, he became a Methodist exhorter at age 23. He served with Massachusetts infantry in the Civil War and later practiced medicine and preached before he moved his family to Louisville, Ky. There he heard the Macedonian call from the West.

The late Capt. C. V. Gardner, a Methodist layman who freighted into the Hills from Cheyenne, Wyo., recalled that Smith joined his wagon train in Custer on May 16, 1876. His only baggage was a small valise. The stranger stood six feet and looked husky enough, so he was welcomed—provided he walked the distance to Deadwood, as Capt. Gardner himself planned to do. He asked few questions at the time. On the frontier, one did not inquire too closely into a man's past.

"We made our first camp near Hill City," Gardner related years later, "and hardly got the team unhitched until our passenger had a fire built and water provided for the evening meal. When ready, our guest was absent. I looked around and found him sitting on a log a few rods distant . . . and to my surprise found him reading a Bible. After a few words with him, he told me he was a Methodist preacher. I remarked that I thought he was up against a hard proposition. He said: 'Possibly so, but I will do the best I can.' "

During the three months he lived at Deadwood, he cut trees, dug sluice ditches, and fired a sawmill boiler to sustain himself as a preacher—and to send some money back to his family. He had neither the time nor the means to build a church, but soon after his death Methodist churches were built at Central City, Crook City, Lead, Custer, and (in 1883) Deadwood.

Even this stout enclosure couldn't protect the life-sized statue of Preacher Smith from thoughtless memento hunters in the Black Hills.

Sculptor J. H. Riordan poses beside the preacher's statue of native red sandstone he chiseled in 1891.

Each summer thousands of tourists motor up Mt. Moriah to see the graves of Wild Bill Hickok and Calamity Jane. Only a knowledgeable few pause at the red sandstone stubs that once were boots of the vandal-wrecked statue marking Preacher Smith's resting place.

"It is a pity that such people as Wild Bill and Calamity Jane should monopolize the limelight of our local history," wrote Capt. Gardner, who knew both. "Even in the wildest days of the Black Hills neither of them was any credit to our civilization." *

Preacher Smith was cloth of a different cut, and his stature has grown with the years. Had he lived, Crook City miners would have heard him preach from Romans 1:5. Of Paul, he would have said: "that men might take the blessings of the Gospel, he endured hunger and thirst, and cold and nakedness, stripes and buffetings." The sermon Preacher Smith never preached has been heard many times at memorial services—and appropriately, for much of what he had to say of Paul could be said of him.

* *For a strange story of how Calamity Jane was buried from the Deadwood Methodist Church, see* How Calamity Jane Finally Got to Church, TOGETHER, *August, 1959, page 46.*—EDS.

Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz

Teens Together

By RICHMOND BARBOUR

"Please don't get the wrong impression . . . what's really happening is they're listening to Mahalia Jackson on my pocket radio!"

Q *I'm a boy, 18. I've been too busy studying to date. Now I want to start. Where can I get a book which will tell me about dating?—T.R.*

A Go to a bookstore and order Duvall & Johnson's *The Art of Dating*. It was published by the Association Press (cloth $2.50, paperback 35¢). It is a complete guide.

Q *I'm a boy, 19. I was raised in my parents' church. Until two years ago I did not question its doctrines. Now I'm thinking for myself. I've decided I should be a Methodist. My parents are upset. It's my duty to make up my own mind, isn't it?—V.F.*

A Yes, I believe it is. It is right for us to be raised in our parents' churches. But when we reach maturity, we can review our beliefs and make our own decisions.

Q *We are two girls, 14, but look much older. We want to be airline hostesses. We think we could run away, fib about our ages, and be admitted to a hostess training school. Have any other girls done this?—M.V.*

A Some have tried and failed. The hostess training organizations check home background, age, and school records. If you tried to enter one you would be spotted immediately and returned home in disgrace. The attempt would leave a black mark against your name if you tried to enroll later. Forget your scheme.

Q *Several years ago my buddy got sick with muscular dystrophy. He is in a sanitarium now. I see him every week. His mind is good, but he is getting weaker. His father says there is no cure for his disease and that he will die before long. That can't be, can it? Why would God take a boy like him?—C.H.*

A I can't explain why this should happen. Doctors tell me they have been unable to find a cure for your friend's disease. Talk with your minister about God's plan for us and for your friend. He will help you understand.

Q *I am a girl, 13. I love God with all my heart. I love my brother, my sister, and my mother, but I hate my father. I know he is a good man and that he loves me. But he yells too much. Sometimes when he gets close to me I want to grab a knife and stab him. I have bad dreams about him. My grades have fallen recently because I can't keep from thinking about him. Sometimes I even get the shakes. Am I unbalanced?—N.M.*

A You carry your hatred to a neurotic extreme. Possibly it is only an outlet for some basic, unresolved personality problems. Nearly all young people are angered by their parents at times, but the feeling seldom lasts. Could you arrange to talk regularly with a psychologist or psychiatrist about yourself? You need expert help.

Q *I am a boy, 18. The girl I like is 17. We go to the movies on Saturday nights and would like to stop for a soda on the way home. Her folks insist that she get home five minutes after the picture ends. Don't most kids have the right to eat after a movie?—J.K.*

A I believe most of them do. However, you shouldn't precipitate a fight over this. Your girl's folks will relax their rule quicker if you don't make a fuss.

Q *I'm a boy, 15. I gave a dance for the boys in my club and their girl friends. My parents were busy in the kitchen. One of the girls turned off the light so we could dance in the dark. I turned it on again. The boys are giving me a bad time, saying I should have left the light off. Was I wrong?—J.N.*

A No, you did the right thing.

Q *I'm a boy, 14. My parents tell me not to smoke. That's a laugh. They both smoke like chimneys. I've been taking cigarettes from them and smoking secretly. When can I smoke openly, like a man?—K.M.*

A Not for years. I hope you never do. Follow your parents' advice, not their example. There is impressive evidence that smokers shorten their lives. The more years you smoke, the more you will hurt yourself. Ask your science teacher about it.

Q *I'm 16. I've dated a girl occasionally, although we've agreed not to go steady. My trouble is that she gives everyone the impression I'm her property. When I try to get away from her she chases me. I don't want to hurt her feelings. How can I tell her how I feel?—O.L.*

A Probably the best way would be to talk with her quietly. Be patient and be careful what you say. Use hints rather than blunt statements. Apparently her infatuation with you has made her judgment weak.

Q *How can I get my mother to keep our house in better shape? It's such a mess that I can't bring my friends home. I clean it on weekends. During the week I have to study, so nothing is done. You should see it now!—A.Y.*

A I'm glad you do your part. Talk with your father. With his help, work out a fair allocation of jobs for each member of the family. Post a chart showing the jobs, and the days they should be done. Get him to enlist your mother's help. Good luck!

Q *I'm writing for myself and four friends, all girls of 13. We had planned to go to the beach almost every day this summer to swim and mess around with the kids. Our parents say we must take an older person as chaperone. Will you tell them they are wrong. Must we be babies forever? —N.L.*

A Not forever, though it may seem like it. If your beach is like those I know, your parents are right. The wrong kinds of friendships often blossom at such places. At 13 you are vulnerable. When you are 17 or 18, your judgment will be better. Agree to take a chaperone with you. Try to be good sports.

Q *I'm 16 and my sister is 15. We belong to the same MYF group. I'm more popular with boys than she. My mother tells me to ask my boy friends to pay attention to her. I'd feel silly doing that. Mom expects too much, doesn't she?—B.F.*

A Her goal is good. Family members should help each other. Teach your sister the tricks you've

Your Faith and Your Church

Bishop Nall Answers Questions About

Should Methodists attend anti-Communist meetings?

Yes, and since communism teaches atheism and the all-sufficiency of the economic man, there is no better anti-Communist meeting than the Sunday-morning service in any Methodist church in your town.

What can we think of the 'wrath of God'?

Unquestionably, it is different from the anger of men. There is nothing of personal animosity in it, no trace of hatred or bitterness. Although the statements about God's vengeance are well known in the imprecatory psalms, there is no suggestion of vindictiveness in God's relationships with man.

The anger of God (Exodus 4:14, Numbers 12:9, Deuteronomy 29:23, and Joshua 7:1) is an ethical and justifiable reaction of a righteous God against evil, wherever it is to be found. He is unalterably opposed to all unrighteousness and ungodliness.

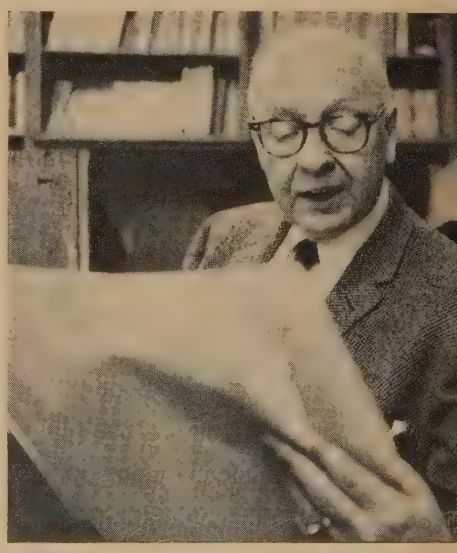
Man's anger, according to Jesus, is so definitely sinful that it is only a short step away from killing (Matthew 5:21-22). He himself became angry when he found the temple being profaned by business.

God's wrath is always tempered by mercy, understanding love, and the desire for man's repentance. God is described as "slow" to display anger, because of his "great kindness." He abounds in steadfast love (Psalms 103:8 and Joel 2:13). How different from man!

May good Methodists drink?

Our General Rules (¶ 95 in the *Discipline*) say no spirituous liquors "unless in cases of extreme necessity." The rules for the election of official boards require that they be "morally disciplined persons," with special reference to total abstinence from alcoholic beverages. (An appeal to the Judicial Council in 1958 brought a decision confirming the legality of ¶ 207.) Ministers, at ordination, are required to agree that they will recommend fasting or abstinence "both by precept and example" (¶ 345.16).

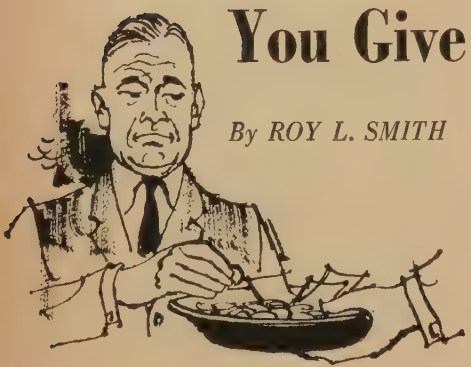
Some local churches relax these directives to the extent that drinkers are allowed in the membership so long as they make progress toward conforming to the rules. Regulations for the trial of church members provide that a member shall be liable to accusation and trial through "persisting in the use of intoxicating liquor after private reproof and admonition by the pastor" (¶ 969).



Well known to Methodist leaders the world over, Bishop T. Otto Nall is episcopal head of the Minnesota Area of The Methodist Church. Americans also know him as the former editor of the CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

Little Lessons in Spiritual Efficiency

The Measure You Give



By ROY L. SMITH

JESUS probably was quoting a popular proverb of the day when he said, "The measure you give will be the measure you get," but it expressed a law of life operative even in our day.

Each of us lives in the world we make. If we fill it with suspicion, then the inevitable results of suspicion will fall upon our own heads. If we fill it with kindness, good will becomes our portion.

We get out of a home, a job, a companionship, or a church exactly what we put into it. The same principle holds true of a worship service. Those who go to church to absorb may be disappointed, but those who go to participate will never be sorry.

A dour individual allowed himself to be persuaded by his wife to attend her church. But as he entered the Lord's house he spoke to no one, gave no one a smile of greeting. He did not join in the singing of the hymns; he remained stolid during the responsive reading; when the collection was taken he dropped into the plate the smallest coin he could find in his pocket. When the service was over he hurried away to his car without speaking to anyone.

At dinner he said, "I don't see why anyone ever goes to hear that preacher. He didn't say a thing."

The poor fellow had contributed nothing to the worship, and as a consequence he had received nothing from it.

In every area of life, the measure we give is the measure we get. If we find we are receiving little, then let us give largely, and soon the tide will begin to flow in upon us.

learned. If you see she's lonely at a party, bring your gang over to be with her. You can do it without being obvious. She'll soon catch on.

Q *I wish you never had started writing for* TOGETHER, *Dr. Barbour. I want to go out for boxing at school next fall. My mother read something you said against boxing. Now she won't let me sign up. Is it fair for you to interfere with my life this way?—D.M.*

A My purpose is not to interfere, but to help. Boxing is the riskiest sport of all. Doctors have studied the brains of former boxers and found them damaged. The little blood vessels in the brain cannot take very many jarring blows. Some boxers are lucky: the damage to their brains is so slight it is not noticeable. Others may become mental and physical cripples. You'll be better off with another sport—wrestling, for example.

Q *I am a girl, 16. I go steady with a boy. A neighbor saw us hugging and kissing one night on our front porch. The neighbor told my parents. They flipped. Now I can't have a date for four weeks. Do my folks expect me to be a saint? If they knew how we necked in the car before we get to the porch they would blow up! Are parents really human?—V.S.*

A Yes, parents really are human. Your folks love you. They are trying to protect you. They feel your judgment is not good. In this case I believe they are right. Necking sets off a dangerous chain reaction which may lead to serious trouble. You'd be better off if you skipped necking and smooching.

Q *I am a college student. It irritated me when you advised Methodist girls to marry Protestant boys instead of Catholic or Jewish boys. It seems to me that you are perpetuating bigotry. Isn't it better for people to ignore racial and religious differences? Aren't you prejudiced?—M.I.*

A As a counselor, my interest is in the lifelong welfare of the people who ask me for help. I have tried to learn from the various social sciences and from the experiences of large numbers of people. I attempt to apply what I've learned to the problems at hand. Catholics and Jews are not inferior to Protestants, but they do have different religious beliefs and customs. The chances of successful marriage are improved when Protestants marry Protestants, Catholics marry Catholics, and Jews marry Jews. The chances of divorce, with all its misery, are increased when people marry outside their faith. You can recognize religious differences without being prejudiced.

Q *I'm a boy, 17. I got As in school. I have never been trouble. Even so, my parents scold me until I almost go crazy. If I express an opinion, Father slugs me. He uses his fists. Should he do this? Would it be wrong for me to run away?—L.B.*

A I'm sorry your parents don't understand you. Your father is making a serious mistake. Would it be possible for both your parents to talk with your school counselor about the way they treat you? Or with your minister? They might listen to an outsider. Don't think of running away. You are almost grown, and before long you'll be on your own.

Q *I loved a boy with all my heart. Now I'm going to have a baby. He ran away when he learned of it. I'm 15. I'm afraid to tell my parents. Don't scold me, Dr. Barbour, I know what I did was a bad, bad sin. What can I do now?—M.F.*

A I won't scold. I've tried to help too many girls in the same fix to feel anything but pity and dismay. I am glad you realize you made a serious mistake. Don't ever repeat it. Do these things: (1) Tell your mother what has happened immediately. (2) Follow your parents' advice concerning your medical care and hospitalization. (3) Start to plan for the baby's future. Almost certainly it will be best for you and the baby to place it with a good adoption agency.

TEENS—*help on your problems is as close as your mailbox, and costs but four cents. It's available from our own Dr. Barbour. Write to him c/o* TOGETHER, *740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill.*

Even the toughest child-home matches now are common, thanks to . . .

ARE-

By MURRAY TEIGH BLOOM

The Best News in Adoptions

ADOPTION agencies in 18 states have taken a giant step towards making it possible to match would-be adoptive parents and available children all over the country. Known as the Adoption Resource Exchange (ARE), the plan has been called by Joseph H. Reid, executive director of the Child Welfare League of America, "The most intelligent and most efficient device of placing children that has yet turned up in the field of adoption."

Until the new plan came along, most adoption agencies were largely local groups with little or no contact outside their own localities. Worse still, there was a certain amount of distrust. Little agencies were afraid of big agencies. Public adoption agencies often didn't have anything to do with private agencies. City agencies ignored rural groups. Of course, the chief victims of these agency jealousies, suspicions, and non-co-operation were the 500,000 couples who annually seek to adopt a child.

Today, thanks to the new ARE plan, public and private agencies in each of these 18 states are co-operating fully in helping each other find homes for children and children for applicants.

The new plan has been especially helpful in placing children of minority groups, handicapped children, and large groups of homeless brothers and sisters.

The plan has also enabled some cross-country adoption miracles to take place. Two Chinese brothers were able to leave a Boston foster home to go to California where a Chinese family was anxious to adopt them. An Ohio family, part Indian, wanted a Cherokee child for adoption. Ohio had none, but with the new-found co-operation between adoption agencies a suitable boy was found in Oklahoma which has a large Cherokee population.

State-wide adoption resource exchanges are scarcely more than a decade old. In 1949 Ohio became the first state to unite public and private adoption agencies in such an exchange. Today, Ohio's 44 private agencies and 88 public agencies—one for each of the counties—are working together in a harmony that still amazes some social workers who recall the bad old days when adoption agencies barely knew each other.

The plan is brilliantly simple. Under the ARE program would-be adoptive parents must still begin their quest through their local agency. And now, as in the past, each agency first tries to place children with families on its list of applicants. This means that, as before, each agency has little trouble placing its blond, blue-eyed baby girls right in its own county. Usually there are from 5 to 10 couples for every one such child available for adoption.

That has been one of the problems encountered by adoption agencies, and one of the reasons so many would-be adoptive parents have had to wait so long. However, the waiting period has grown shorter as couples increasingly settle for something other than blue-eyed blonds and as more youngsters are available for adoption. But after these infants have been readily placed, the agency usually finds tougher going trying to find homes locally for the older children, or the ones with some physical defect, or the groups of brothers and sisters who should be placed together.

Under the ARE plan, these more difficult placement problems are brought up at regular regional meetings of the adoption agencies of several counties. These meetings are held at least three or four times a year.

At these regional meetings considerable matching takes place. But even after these meetings there usually remains a considerable number of children with no homes and couples still without children. Now the descriptions of the children and their backgrounds are submitted to the state's central ARE office, usually in the state's Child Welfare Bureau. To this central office are also sent the names and backgrounds of couples who have not been able to get a child for adoption locally.

Most states using the plan publish a regular mimeographed bulletin which lists in detail each child available for adoption and every couple seeking a child with special requirements. Here, for example, is a typical description from the January, 1961, bulletin of the Massachusetts Adoption Resource Exchange:

"George A.—10. Portuguese-Chinese descent. Very attractive, small in stature with copperish skin tones, straight black hair, almond-shaped brown eyes. Appealing, sociable, outgoing. Likes to identify himself as French. French spoken in foster home."

These bulletins go to many of the agencies in the plan. They also go to the U.S. Children's Bureau in Washington and to the Child Welfare

League's headquarters in New York City. The league takes a leading part in helping the various adoption agencies co-operate on an interstate basis in placing children.

Until fairly recently most adoption workers considered it almost impossible to place 12-year-old children, but today, after several years of heartening experience with the ARE, social workers know that with the wide interchange of information it is possible to find permanent homes even for youngsters up to 14 years of age.

This ARE knack has even impressed several orphan asylum directors. Until recently many asylums paid scant attention to the possibility of adoption for any of their older charges. But now that the ARE plan has shown a consistent ability to find good homes for older children, several orphan homes have added trained social workers for the express purpose of helping prepare many of their children for outside adoption.

Mrs. Rose Graul, who administered Ohio's ARE, told me, "There are 4,500 children in Ohio's nonpunitive children's institutions. Most of them are in the 12-14 age group. We believe that 60 per cent of these children could be adopted, and the same holds true elsewhere in the country."

Another happy by-product of the new co-operation fostered by the exchanges is the growing number of brothers and sisters who are being placed together in a single family. These children usually become available for adoption as a result of tragic circumstances: accidental death of both parents, desertion of a father plus a sick mother's inability to keep the family together, or, occasionally, desertion of both parents.

In the past the children were usually placed separately. But today, with the hundredfold enlargement of adoption-agencies horizons through the ARE plan, the placement of brothers and sisters together has become almost an every-week occurrence.

In Texas where 31 private and 21 public adoption agencies have been co-operating in an exchange founded in 1954, I heard about a remarkable adoption feat the ARE was credited with recently. A member of the Texas Child Welfare Division told me about it in Austin:

"Mr. and Mrs. A, a prosperous business couple who lived in central Texas, came to our regional office at Belton. They were in their mid-forties. Six years before they had adopted an infant. The adoption had worked out well and now they thought they would like to complete their family by adopting two older children, perhaps a brother and sister.

"The request came to our ARE office because Belton had no children who fitted the description. Just about this time in northeast Texas our regional office had on its list four brothers and a sister, ranging in age from 14 down to 4. The father had run away and the mother was in a sanitarium. The court had ordered the children taken away from their parents for parental neglect. The children were attractive, freckle-faced, brighter than average, and seemed to show no scars of the years of neglect. For several months they had been in foster homes, and we had listed them in our ARE bulletin. And now after being unable to place them together we were sadly considering the possibility of breaking them up. Then we thought of Mr. and Mrs. A.

"We told them about the five children. At first they said it was a little too much but gradually they got to like the idea of a large, ready-made family. We arranged for them to meet each other. In December, 1957, the five children moved into the large spacious house of Mr. and Mrs. A. For the first three months a supervisor visited them every two weeks to help make the transition smoother; after that only once a month.

"In the old days the placing of these five youngsters in a single home would have been a major miracle. There simply would have been no communication between the agencies in northeast Texas where the children were and central Texas where Mr. and Mrs. A lived, more than 350 miles away. But with the ARE program we were able to get these five children out of foster homes where they were being maintained at state expense and into a fine private home where they are wanted and loved."

In Texas, as in other states using the ARE plan, the adoption of handicapped children has grown greatly. A family with a two-year-old blind boy adopted another blind boy of his age so that the two could be playmates.

For couples unable to have their own children, adoption is the rich fulfillment of a dream.

Some 624 children have been placed for adoption in Texas largely because of the state-wide ARE program. Less than 2 per cent of these adoptions failed to take. Since 1957, some 330 children and couples benefitted from the plan in California. In Ohio, the ARE network has been responsible for the placement of 105 children. In Tennessee, 153 children were placed, thanks to the state ARE plan, in a recent two-month period. Included was Jane, a tiny, brown-eyed beautiful girl suffering from glaucoma, an eye disease that often leads to blindness. At the opposite end of the state, a couple was found brave enough to adopt the child. "It took a long time to find a home for Jane," an official of Tennessee's ARE program told me, "but I wonder if we would have been able to find her any home at all without the ARE program in our state."

In addition to facilitating enormously the placement of handicapped children, large groups of brothers and sisters, and racial minority children, the ARE program has also caused adoption workers to overhaul some of their thinking about minimum family requirements.

In New Mexico a poor, childless Mexican farm couple wanted to adopt two children. They owned a small farm, produced much of their own food, but had very little cash income. Both were poorly educated, but quite intelligent; and theirs seemed to the adoption worker a very happy home. Just about this time some 800 miles away in the northeast corner of Texas three Latin-American Catholic children became available for adoption. They were aged 10, 6, and 5. Usually it is difficult enough to place even one Spanish-speaking Catholic older child in the Southwest, but to make this case even tougher was the fact that one of the children had a bald spot on his head from an accident.

At the ARE headquarters in Texas, it was decided to bring the New Mexico couple together with the three children for a visit. There were many problems to consider: could the couple's old car make the long trip? Did they have enough money to build an extra room on their simple house for the children? Could they afford clothing and school supplies for the children?

In an unusual move, the Texas agency offered to pay for their transportation to make the visit. The couple hesitated and finally agreed—only if they could be permitted to repay the travel costs when they had a good crop. They traveled to visit the children and while there they became snowbound. This, of course, gave them a better chance to become acquainted. A few weeks later the adoption took place.

Miss Zelma Felten, a cheerful, vastly experienced social worker, loves to tell audiences about this case. As associate director of the foster care project of the Child Welfare League, Miss Felten has become the country's most effective advocate of the ARE plan. Her nation-wide work has been subsidized by a grant from the Field Foundation.

"This simple New Mexico farmer and his wife have much to teach all of us in this field. In order to make the ARE program effective, we must have imagination and flexibility to see the possibilities where sometimes none seem to exist."

The success of the ARE plan in 18 states has naturally prompted Miss Felten and other adoption workers to look ahead to the time when we will be ready for a truly nation-wide ARE program covering *all* the states.

"There is a growing conviction for the need of a national adoption exchange," Miss Felten says. "But first we must persuade many more states to adopt their own ARE programs. Right now six additional states are actively interested in setting up their own exchanges."

How can your state set up its own ARE program? "The procedure is almost painless," Miss Felten smiles. "The Child Welfare League puts out a fine, detailed guide for planning and operating an adoption resource exchange. And the federal government, which gives every state child-care grants, will permit any state to use part of these funds to operate an Adoption Resource Exchange."

In Ohio, Mary E. Fairweather, supervisor of adoption at Cleveland Children's Services, summed up the feelings of many social workers about the ARE plan when she told me: "It's a wonderful plan. With it we are now giving children permanent —and better—homes sooner."

Adoption Resource Exchange:

ALREADY METHODIST AGENCIES PARTICIPATE

THE METHODIST Board of Hospitals and Homes has given Adoption Resource Exchange an unofficial stamp of approval by announcing that any of its child-placing agencies in states which have the ARE program will be participants.

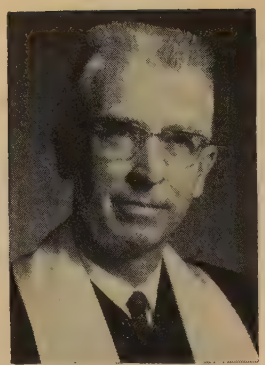
The board's 49 affiliated children's homes in 28 states place their children largely through licensed adoption agencies and public-welfare departments, since few of them have the trained staffs and facilities required for such services. Of the 15 homes which are licensed child-placing agencies, only half have adoption services as their major function. In 1960, they found homes and parents for 694 homeless children.

Indicative of the wide range of services offered by the Methodist agencies is the fact that only the oldest—Methodist Orphanage, founded in 1847 at Petersburg, Va. —still retains the word "orphanage" in its title. Actually, most of the children are the unfortunate harvest of broken homes and unwed mothers, and an increasing share of agency work involves care of the latter.

Other services—the natural outgrowth of the lively Methodist concern for youth which produced possibly the first American church schools and church-youth clubs—include remedial education, institutional care, psychiatric treatment, and even, in some areas, direct financial assistance.

Methodists wishing to inquire about adoptions should contact their minister. He will know whether or not there is a church child-placing agency in the area, or will be able to recommend a licensed agency or a public-welfare department where more information is available.

Light Unto My Path



Clark S. Enz
Oregon City, Oreg.

METHODIST MINISTERS PROVIDE WEEKLY MEDITATIONS ON THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

AUGUST 6

Do not neglect to do good and to share what you have, for such sacrifices are pleasing to God.—Hebrews 13:16

THE PARABLE of the good Samaritan expresses three creeds: first, the thief, "What's yours is mine, I'll take it"; second, the priest, "What's mine is mine, I'll keep it"; third, the Samaritan, "What's mine is yours, I'll share it."

The "What's yours is mine, I'll take it" creed is not confined to those who flout the law and rob at gun point. The student who copies from his neighbor on examination day, the corporation executive who contrives in the fixing of prices, or the employee who wastes the day drinking coffee also robs. He "neglects to do good."

The "What's mine is mine, I'll keep it" creed is voiced at potluck dinners and in legislative halls: "Why should the United States be a refuge for the world's homeless? Why should the West help educate the South's children? Why should Centerville help start a new congregation on Sunset Heights?" These people "neglect to do good and to share what they have."

Thank God for the Samaritan creed, "What's mine is yours, I'll share it." He did not ask for income-tax deduction, neither did he check on the man's religion, race, or nationality. He saw a man in need; he shared with him. This creed pleases God, as it also pleased our Lord, who said, "Go and do thou likewise." He who neglects it displeases God and man.

Prayer: O God, save us from the temptation to take that which belongs to others; instill in us the courage to do good, to share what we have with others. Amen.

—CLARK S. ENZ

Dale D. Russell
Rutland, Vt.

AUGUST 13

Take your share of hardship, like a good soldier of Christ Jesus.—2 Timothy 2:3 (New English Bible)

PLOTINUS, ancient philosopher, once said: "I spent the whole day trying to make a corpse stand up. I decided that it needed something on the inside." Man needs "something on the inside," because life is a battle. And he who would live acceptably must conduct his life by regimens familiar to a soldier: disciplined, conditioned, and ready to endure in a worthy cause.

Life is not easy, nor has it ever been for a true Christian.

Certainly, the time in which we live calls for disciplined strength, unwavering courage, and outright commitment to Christ. We are his soldiers. Life's battle is for him and for his kingdom. But are we good soldiers of Christ? Do we readily "take up the cross daily?" The Danish philosopher Kierkegaard concluded that we do not.

Christians were more likely to march to a different tune, like "Merrily we roll along . . . ." Or Christians, along with many others, were likely to be found bearing the label, "The Flabby."

What a judgement this is upon us who call ourselves Christians! How tragic if true! We are flabby, when we should be like a rock!

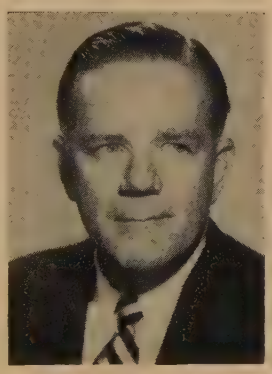
Canon Glassford tells of a religious gathering where everyone

"talked of this and talked of that," apparently deciding nothing, then "shook hands all round with one accord and toddled off to tea." God pity us if that be true of his Church today. We face an era that demands a higher and more intense kind of spiritual living than we are accustomed to live.

When William Carey went out to India as a missionary, he served for 40 years without a furlough. Unreservedly he gave to Christ's glorious cause of his time, talents, and strength. Hear him as he cries: "Let us bear hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ." He did it joyfully and gloriously. So can you!

Prayer: Forgive us, O Lord, that we have too often prayed for easy lives rather than for the power to live in larger and nobler ways for thee. Make us good followers of One who is our wonderful Leader. Amen.

—Dale D. Russell



J. Walter Johnson
Greenwood, S.C.

AUGUST 20

But even if you do suffer for righteousness' sake, you will be blessed. Have no fear of them, nor be troubled.—1 Peter 3:14

FELIX ADLER once wrote about two kinds of light by which men are aided: the light on this side of the wall of darkness, and the light beyond the darkness.

By this, he inferred that man cannot attain the full life God intended for him by the aid of only the first of these lights; that certain potentials within him can never come alive until he is touched by the rays of the holier light beyond.

It is this wall of darkness that disturbs a new Christian, any Christian. It is what disturbed Peter. He knew the paralyzing fear which grips the heart and mind as one contemplates the darkness and terror of suffering for righteousness' sake; how difficult it was to find faith in the ultimate victory of righteousness.

The natural sufferings that burden men are trying enough. But the cost of discipleship, the hurts that can come by being scorned, ridiculed, hated, or ostracized because of one's faith, is a little too much for a social being to accept freely.

Fishing was much more pleasant by comparison—so Peter thought. But then one day he lifted his vision from the immediate and fastened it upon Christ. And now, many years later, he realizes how foolish had been his fears, how incidental his sufferings to the joy of a victorious life.

It is this personal experiencing of God which is so important to our well-being because of the insight and understanding it provides, because of the grace and strength and courage it gives us for the living of our days, because of the ultimate victory of those who live for Jesus' sake.

Prayer: Grant us wisdom, O Lord, to distinguish right from wrong, and to make right choices and pursue the right regardless of the cost, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

—J. Walter Johnson

C. R. Nicholas
Minneapolis, Minn.

AUGUST 27

But to all who received him, who believed in his name, he gave power to become children of God.—John 1:12

IT IS ALWAYS a joyous experience when a childless couple receive verification of their application to adopt a youngster. What joy comes to that home. And if it were possible for the infant to know the circumstances of the event, what joy would be his.

What a difference there is between being raised homeless or in the secure love of a family. The adoption papers now give the infant the power, the right, the authority to be raised as a child with parents. To bring this joy to fruition a case worker has labored many hours to establish this wonderful relationship.

The love and the desire of God to bring all men into a family relationship with him, as his children, was the reason for sending his Son as the intermediary to reconcile the world unto himself. God's love in Christ was to give to homeless man a feeling of belonging and of being loved.

Unlike the adopted infant, thinking man has a part to play in the acceptance of the Father-love. Man must consider carefully the condition of his present life. He must listen thoughtfully to the call and the message of him who brings the invitation of love. The choice between homelessness and home rests upon man himself.

As the Gospel tells us, Christ came unto his own, and they would not receive him, "But to all who received him, who believed in his name, he gave power to become children of God."

John would have us know that in Christ, the anointed messenger of God, was the full revelation of the essence, character, and activity of God. To those who would receive of him, a new filial standing and character would be theirs, they would become children of God. Like the new—not just restored—position of the prodigal son, there is a greater appreciation of the access to the Father and a new and deeper fellowship with him. In appreciation for His love and man's new status there is more intense interest in his fatherly care, his desires, and his disciplines. As thankful and obedient children, we deliver ourselves over to the Father's love and care and become "heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ."

Prayer: Our thanks to thee, O God, will be in dedicated service to thy kingdom through our love to thee and to our brethren. Amen.

—C. R. Nicholas

Barnabas

Looks at New Books

Thank-you prayers for the world around us teach tots about God in Now I Lay Me Down to Wonder, *illustrated (left) by Susan Perl.*

THE DISTINGUISHED theologian **Karl Barth** often leaves his study and lecture hall to worship with prison inmates in Basel, Switzerland. There he leads the convicts in prayer and preaches to them.

Eighteen of these sermons have been collected in ***Deliverance to the Captives*** (Harper, $3). If you've wanted to know more about this man who has been called the 20th century's most influential theologian, here is your chance. If you're already acquainted with his theological writing, you'll marvel at the simple, sympathetic, warmly human way he has stated his faith. The book is a treasure.

What is prayer? Is it asking for things and saying "thank you" for gifts received?

"For grownups, perhaps," says **Bernice Hogan**. "But those who are not so old can smile at God, and chat, and never even know they ought to bow their heads."

And so the prayers Mrs. Hogan has written for ***Now I Lay Me Down to Wonder*** (Abingdon, $1.25), are simple expressions of delight in everyday things that tell a child he is very near to God. The bright little book is illustrated by Susan Perl's roly-poly drawings of boys and girls in a gay, friendly world.

Your small fry will be completely charmed by it.

William Lederer, coauthor of *The Ugly American,* is responsible for another best-selling blockbuster in ***A Nation of Sheep*** (Norton, $3.75).

It's an incredible report of sloppy work by U.S. representatives and newsmen in critical areas of the world, and a resounding warning that individual Americans must wake up and insist on being better informed.

I use the word incredible because it's hard for me to believe that so many people could be as stupid as Lederer makes them out to be—even with the enthusiastic hoodwinking he charges some foreign governments practice. There's important truth in Lederer's book, but he surrounds it with such sweeping generalizations that I often was as confused as some of our representatives abroad must be.

Despite Lederer's all-black picture, the book's a valuable one, particularly when it outlines what citizens like you and me can do to help correct governmental mistakes.

George F. Kennan is uniquely qualified to review Soviet-Western relations in historical perspective. He served in our embassy at Moscow for years, eventually as U.S. Ambassador to the Soviet Union. Turning to diplomatic history on his retirement, he won the Pulitzer and Bancroft Prizes—as well as a National Book Award—for historical writing.

In ***Russia and the West Under Lenin and Stalin*** (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $5.75) he takes us through decades of violence and change, tracing diplomatic relations between the Western powers and the Soviet Union from the Russian Revolution of 1917 to the end of World War II.

It's a tragic story of how one confrontation after another led from misunderstanding to hostility, and it adds up to a powerful lesson for today.

Embarrassed and worried because her son Johnny's interest in church-school waxed and waned in direct relation to the church-baseball and basketball seasons, Charlotte Groshell began keeping the youngster at home. But when she told the minister she was doing it because she felt children should go to church school for its own sake instead of for sports he groaned:

"Oh you parents! We poor preachers knock ourselves out to think of some way we can get youngsters inside a church and then you come along and spoil everything. What difference does it make *why* Johnny goes to church school? As long as he goes he'll get something out of it."

And, she says, the minister was right; Johnny did.

The tale's in ***And Four to Grow*** (Random House, $3.95) in which Mrs. Groshell, writing under the name **Charlotte Paul**, recounts her family's emotional growing pains. It's a candid, wholesome view of the life the Groshells and their high-school-age boys live in the beautiful Snoqualmie Valley east of Seattle. I think you'll like it. Both Mrs. Barnabas and I did.

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—Luke 15:20

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—Presbyterian Outlook

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against the white world—and, ultimately, an autonomous black nation in a region of the U.S.—has risen in America. These are the strictly disciplined Black Muslims, who have 70 temples and missions from Massachusetts to California and Florida, and look forward to the day when whites in America will be "treated as they ought to be treated."

Opposed to whites, Christianity, and integration, this new form of black nationalism is an extreme reflection of the American Negro's rising discontent with things as they are and his determination to change them, believes **C. Eric Lincoln**, professor of social philosophy at Methodist-related Clark College. A Negro and an ordained Methodist minister, Dr. Lincoln has produced a masterly study of the movement in ***The Black Muslims in America*** (Beacon, $4.95). Sensational in content, yet scholarly and simply stated, it's a remarkably sensitive and subtle examination of a complex social phenomenon.

Dr. Lincoln, for instance, does not minimize the movement's virtues, such as a remarkable record for rehabilitating drug addicts and criminals, its prevention of juvenile delinquency, and the higher standards of morality and cleanliness expected of its members. Neither does he ignore the possibility that if the movement becomes significantly more extreme it will have crossed the line from simple protest to open and violent rebellion.

How to turn nominal Christians into committed disciples and put ***New Life in the Church*** (Harper, $3) is the burden of a stimulating book by **Robert A. Raines**.

The best conditions for awakening or reawakening people to God prevail in Bible study groups, believes the author, who has seen the results in the church he serves—Aldersgate Methodist in Cleveland, Ohio. [See *Brainwork for God—at Home,* February, page 14.]

He speaks frankly on the necessity of re-examining the role of the clergyman in the local church. "The chief task of the clergyman is to equip his people for their ministry," he says. "The people must begin to share in the pastoral work of the ministry. Only as this begins to happen can the church truly be the Body of Christ."

The book is written for ministers and church leaders, but it has an important message for all Christians.

Admittedly, religion isn't something anybody can be argued into. But for the intelligent person who has doubts and seeks a firmer faith a frank interchange of conversation can be a veritable lifeline.

I found such an interchange in ***Dear Mr. Brown*** (Harper, $3), by **Harry Emerson Fosdick**. Actually, interchange probably isn't the exact word, because "Mr. Brown's" own letters don't actually appear; they're only indicated by Dr. Fosdick's "answers." And,

Dear Mr. Brown: A pastor writes to a person perplexed about religion.

as a matter of fact, Mr. Brown isn't a real person in the sense of being a specific individual. He's a synthesis of many people Dr. Fosdick has known during his years of ministry at Riverside Church in New York City and as a radio preacher on the *National Vespers Hour.* [TOGETHER readers will remember him for *Living for the Fun of It,* March, 1960, page 17.] You expect Dr. Fosdick to have something to say. This book won't disappoint you.

Abraham Lincoln was 21, a flatboatman navigating the Sangamon River, when he arrived at the village of New Salem, Ill. He left for Springfield when he was 28 to become counselor at law. These years with frontier folk helped lay the cornerstone of Lincoln's compassion and earthy understanding of humanity.

Almost poetic in its portrayal of the young Lincoln is **Paul Horgan**'s ***Citizen of New Salem*** (Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, $3.75). From well-known and little-known incidents it assembles a compelling portrait.

If you Civil War buffs will lower your clamor, I'd like to remark that there's a run of uncommonly good books on the West coming out these days. Right at the top I'd put ***Great Western Indian Fights*** (Doubleday, $4.95) by members of the **Potomac Corral of The Westerners**.

Each author of the 25 chapters is knowledgeable and imparts to his contribution the touch of authority. If the clash of white and red men stirs you, if you care to assess wrongs done by white men to red—and vice versa—this book should be on your reading table.

Ethel Sabin Smith has traveled the world many times. Now past 70, she's still traveling, but she's slowed down to tramp steamer.

Passports at Seventy (Norton, $3.95) is a collection of her experiences while "tramping." But this graceful account is far more than just another travelogue. Dr. Smith, professor emeritus of psychology, has an unashamed compassion for humans of all types and origins, and she's written a vivid study of people and of the unique excitement of being one's self.

If you're traveling, you may not want to do all Dr. Smith advises; 70 or no, you may not have the energy. But if you conscientiously avoid doing all she warns against, you'll surely have the trip of a lifetime.

Never Forget to Live (Abingdon, $2) is an apt title for 365 meditations by the late **Halford E. Luccock**. The sage and salty Yale Divinity School professor loved life with a delight that transmitted itself through his pen.

A bit puzzling is the fact that there are 53—not 52—weekly themes in this collection to take the reader around the year. But if anybody could pack 53 weeks of living into 52 weeks of days I'm sure it was Halford Luccock.

Fantastic, scientific, but not fiction is ***A Hole in the Bottom of the Sea*** (Doubleday, $4.95) by **Willard Bascom**. This account of drilling five or six miles down to sample unknown substances in the earth's crust sounds like a Jules Verne tale. But it's the story of a real exploration now in the testing stage.

Equipment is being developed by geologists, engineers, and oceanographers, under auspices of the National Academy of Sciences. The Mohole Project, as it is called, was ribbed in the 1960 Pick and Hammer show of the Washington Geological Society as *"Mo-Ho-Ho and a Barrel of Funds."*

Have you ever wondered—while shopping for Halloween false faces or helping the children cut out a "keen animal mask" from the back of a cereal box—about the origins of this desire to conceal our identity?

I found clues in a simple book for any age entitled ***Masks and Mask Makers,*** by **Kari Hunt** and **Bernice Wells Carlson** (Abingdon, $2.75). From frozen Alaska to the broiling Congo, to the Mardi Gras, the reasons men have masked themselves throughout history are rooted in customs and beliefs.

Many fine pictorial reproductions of famous masks leave nothing to the

your hand at some 20th-century mask making, there's also a how-to-do-it section that's just likely to make your creative taste buds tingle.

I've just won one of the minor battles which punctuate life in an editorial office. Stubbornly insisting that laymen, as well as pastors, are interested in the history of Methodism, I slipped this review out of the CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE and into TOGETHER. I think you will agree that ***The History of Methodism in Southern California and Arizona*** by **Edward Drewry Jervey** (Parthenon) brings to light many fascinating bits of Methodist lore.

This book frankly could be lighter. But if you skim the pages as I've done, you'll be stopped often by items like those telling why the University of Southern California no longer is Methodist-related; how the Nazarene Church and the Salvation Army are outgrowths of Methodism, and of the rise of such bishops as Kennedy, Oxnam, Phillips, and Tippett.

This isn't a book for the casual Methodist, but—if you're interested in how our church has grown—send $3.50 to the Historical Society of the Southern California-Arizona Methodist Conference, 5250 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles 29, Calif. I don't think you'll be disappointed.

Once, while motoring across California's desert, I was struck by the imagination—and lack of it—displayed by town-namers. Twenty-nine Palms, for instance, aptly conjures up the picture of a town washed by warm sun and gentle breezes. Such a name, honestly conceived, never will be matched by imitative concoctions such as "Twenty-five Elms," "Nine Oaks," or whatever.

Then we saw, on a rickety roadside shack in the desert, a sign which bravely poked fun at itself and conveyed a picture as clear as the original. It said, simply, "No Palms."

I was reminded of this as I opened ***The Desert Was Home*** (Westernlore, $6.75) by **Elizabeth W. Crozer Campbell**. This is a simply told story of a woman and her ailing husband who homesteaded in the Twenty-nine Palms country less than 40 years ago. Their experiences in getting roads, schools, telephones, and other apurtenances of civilization make an epic of modern pioneering.

"I have lived and am still living a very happy life. Such a remark, I know, is a hopelessly unfashionable beginning for a modern autobiography, and I apologize. But in my life there are all kinds of things that haven't happened to me." Thus begins ***Molly and Me***—

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The Memoirs of Gertrude Berg (McGraw-Hill, $4.95).

Mrs. Berg need make no apology. Plenty of things have happened to her, including becoming the originator, script-writer, and star of the radio and television show *The Goldbergs,* and star of the Broadway hit *A Majority of One.* (Incidentally, she did much of her script-writing at the public library, where, she says, the distractions were less than at home.)

Her public achievements are small, compared to the full and happy family life that has surrounded her both in childhood and in marriage and motherhood. Here is the story of a wise, witty, and wondrously successful woman. If you have enjoyed Molly Goldberg on radio or TV, or Mrs. Jacobi in *A Majority of One,* you'll want to know Gertrude Berg, who made them both come to life.

For a young lady, doting aunt or uncle, or anyone else just beginning a career as a baby sitter, there's no finer gift than ***A Manual for Baby Sitters*** (Little, Brown, $3.50), by **Marion Lowndes**. It's equally essential for the parents of the children who're going to be sat with.

This excellent handbook made its first appearance in 1949, and our own daughter, Bonnie, makes good use of its advice when she stays with youngsters in the neighborhood, or her brother, Tommy. Now it's been revised to allow for advances in baby care and the number, variety, and ages of sitters themselves.

I'd recommend it as standard equipment in any home where there are young children. But instead of putting it on a bookshelf, I'd put it right beside the telephone, with emergency phone numbers inside the covers.

Never is a land more exciting than when seen through the eyes of a child. Swedish photographer **Sven Gillsater** re-proved this truth by taking his young daughter to Israel and Jordan at Christmastime and making a pictorial record of her joyful discovery of places she'd heard about in Bible stories.

Pia's Journey to the Holy Land (Harcourt, Brace & World, $3.50) lets us share their journey through brilliant full-color photographs and a story simple enough for a child to read. It's delightful, too, to note that **Pia** gets credit for her part in its creation; she's listed with her father as co-author.

One November day in 1956, a bamboo raft with five men aboard set out from Tahiti. Its captain was Eric de Bisschop, an adventurous Norwegian with his own theory of prehistoric Polynesian migrations. Second in command was Alain Brun.

Two years and three rafts later, the tragic voyage ended. The bamboo raft was abandoned near Chile. Then De Bisschop, Brun, and three new adventurers started the return trip on a cypress-log raft. It, too, was abandoned for a third raft made from its usable parts. It was wrecked on a coral reef several hundred miles from the starting point. De Bisschop died afterward.

Such is the story of ***From Raft to Raft*** (Doubleday, $4.50), written by **Bengt Danielsson** from the account given by Brun. It does not match the thrill of other such ventures, despite its tragic events, but if you can't resist sea stories, you'll like it.

Oren Arnold, no stranger to TOGETHER readers [his latest article: *How Do You Rate as a Neighbor?,* July, page 21], also writes juvenile books. Two recent ones are ***The Chili Pepper Children*** (Broadman, $2.50) and ***The Sky Y Train*** (Broadman, $2.95).

The former, for youngsters 7 to 10, is a joyful portrait of a Mexican family in the U.S. The latter, for 9 to 13-year-olds, tells how a deserted church camp was brought back to life. Both are wholesome, entertaining reading.

For light reading on lazy summer days you may want to dip into ***It Takes All Kinds*** (Reynal, $3.95). *Reader's Digest* roving editor **Robert Littell** has packed it with fascinating accounts of unusual people, strange places, and curious events in odd corners of Europe and the Mediterranean.

Littell's a natural-born storyteller. Whether he's writing about the Swedish hunter who survived a week under an avalanche, the dogs trained to hunt the mysterious white truffle, or the "automobile explosion" that has made some European roads more lethal than our own, his tales are vividly alive.

Excellent pickup, put-down reading.

I get misty-eyed over seed catalogs in the spring, but Mrs. Barnabas is the real dirt gardener in our family. Recently, after an unusually busy day weeding and hoeing, she disappeared without even bothering to change her clothes. She came back half an hour later with a book and plumped into a garden chair.

"I borrowed it from Helen," she said, naming a neighbor down the street, "and before I budge I'm going to find out what the secret is."

The book: ***Gardening Without Work*** (Devin-Adair, $3.95), by **Ruth Stout**. A believer in organic gardening, the author hoes not, neither does she spray. A series of amusing chapters explains her methods and makes it sound very easy. But my wife, who has a mind of her own about gardening, hasn't committed herself. I'll have to wait and see what she does next year.

—BARNABAS

Browsing in Fiction

Gerald Kennedy

BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA,
THE METHODIST CHURCH

THE MOST interesting writing always deals with people—preferably real people. Whether a book is fiction or nonfiction, it will hold our interest if we sense that this is an actual situation in which human beings are caught and must react. Novels sometimes give the impression of being academic, stilted, rigid, and essentially doctrinaire. When this happens the book is a failure. Not many people are interested in affairs with no practical meaning for their time. Conversely, not many people are uninterested in writing that sheds even a small glimmer of light on the mystery of being human. I was thinking about this recently as the new novels came to my desk.

THROUGH THE FIELDS OF CLOVER, by Peter De Vries *(Little, Brown, $3.95).*

I enjoyed this more than any Peter De Vries' book I have read and thought it was almost wonderful. The plot centers around a wedding anniversary and the homecoming of children, their mates, ex-mates, and grandchildren. Here a satirist analyzes the diseases of modernity. There is everything here from precocious children to television stars, from reformers to rascals.

Someone said the other day that we are in a healthier frame of mind today than in the past because we are making jokes about such things as the House Un-American Activities Committee. This fellow said that when we can laugh at some of the antics of our superpatriots, it means we are not so scared as we used to be. I think that he has a point and that books like *Through the Fields of Clover* may accomplish more than serious argument. Anyway, I enjoyed it immensely and I could spot all these people among my acquaintances.

You will hardly believe it, but I even saw myself here and there!

Let us be grateful that we have among us a man who has a sharp eye for the pretentious and a lively sense of the ridiculous. Believe me, our time has need of such writers.

GOOD FRIDAY—1963, by Otis Carney *(Morrow, $3).*

This book deals with a man slated to be the next Secretary of State. Sent on an observing trip about the world, he is supposed to come back and say that the Administration is essentially on the right track. That is, if he wants the job he knows this will be expected of him. And it becomes clear to him that this is not what he really believes. To draw attention to the situation he decides to commit suicide. This is all there is to the plot, although it does have a surprise ending which, instead of pleasing me, made me feel the whole thing was a hoax.

How do you fill a book with this thin-plot construction? Well, you write down page after page of what the character is thinking about and remembering; you give the reader chapter after chapter of political analysis and social commentary.

After I had read several pages, I thought to myself that this is not a real novel, but a book by a fellow who wants to say something and decided that more people would read it if it were fictionalized. He is not the first author to do it, and I am sure he will not be the last. But so far as I am concerned, it never comes off.

I want a novel to be full of people who are more than puppets with an idea man pulling the strings. I say this despite the fact I am in essential harmony with everything that he thinks and says. I believe with him that we are in a very dangerous situation and that we have become a complacently sick people. I think that trumpets need to be sounded, but not by pretending that they are something other than trumpets.

I know this probably is a personal prejudice which a book reviewer ought not to have. So make allowances for it. If this will not irritate you the way it does me, go ahead and read *Good Friday—1963,* for it does say something much more pertinent than anything the John Birch Society is able to define through the smoke of its hallucinations.

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FLIT the Frog

HIS NAME was Flit, and he was fast
In catching flies and jumping;
Of all the frogs, he was the best
In tests of chugarumping.

Each day, a goggling audience
Of froggies formed a huddle
To watch the most important frog
That lived in Little Puddle.

They squealed in glee to see him twist
In dives so brave and high;
They blinked to see how easily
He speared each passing fly.

"Oh, I'm the greatest of them all,"
Thought Flit and puffed his chest,
"But it is selfish to stay here—
The world should see the best!"

And so Flit left for all to watch
The Puddle's main attraction;
Into a huge and busy pool,
He plunged right into action.

His dives—how graceful! Perfect form!
He really was quite daring;
But other frogs were diving, too—
Not one at Flit was staring.

He croaked from logs, from lily pads,
And from a muddy shelf;
But in so many voices, Flit
Could hardly hear himself!

And when it came to snagging flies,
What chance was there to beat
A hundred other hungry frogs
Who also wished to eat?

Flit watched and thought and suddenly
The truth was very plain:
He'd never been the best of all—
Just overproud and vain.

"What good, kind friends I had," Flit mourned.
"I never realized;
A perfect fool I've been, and yet
They never criticized!"

Right then Flit knew what he must do;
No longer in a muddle,
He left the busy pool and jumped
Right back to Little Puddle.

Once more, his neighbors watched his tricks,
But this was something new—
Instead of showing off, Flit showed
How they could do them, too!

—IDA M. PARDUE

Barefoot Days

In the morning, very early,
That's the time I love to go
Barefoot where the fern grows curly
And grass is cool between each toe,
On a summer morning—O!
On a summer morning!

That is when the birds go by
Up the sunny slopes of air,
And each rose has a butterfly
Or a golden bee to wear;
And I am glad in every toe—
Such a summer morning—O!
Such a summer morning!

—RACHEL FIELD

(From *Taxis and Toadstools* by Rachel Field. © 1926 by Doubleday & Co., Inc. Reprinted by permission of publisher)

Butterfly Mobiles

HERE'S one way to bring summer right inside your home: Make some butterfly mobiles! They're easy to make and fun to watch, and your whole family will enjoy them.

D

For each butterfly, you'll need an ordinary clothespin. Use bright construction paper to make the wings (Drawing A), and then decorate them with other bits of colored paper and aluminum foil. Next, glue the wings onto the clothespin (Drawing B) and wrap a short pipe cleaner around the top of the clothespin to make the butterfly's feelers. Now thread a needle (Mom will help) with black thread and fasten the thread around the butterfly (Drawing C).

A

B

C

To finish the mobile, hang several butterflies from twigs (Drawing D). Ask Mom and Dad to help you arrange the butterflies so that the mobile will balance. Then hang your butterfly mobile where a summer breeze will make it move—maybe on a porch or near a window. And if there's a baby in your house, be sure to make a mobile for his room. He'll love it!

His destination: A floating island of ice in a frigid sea. Time of return: Indefinite.

Circuit Rider of the Arctic

WHEN THE hot, muggy days of late summer clamp discomfort on the coastal lands of Virginia, Lt. Col. Ashley D. Jameson, a chaplain at Langley Air Force Base, can cool off quickly in a unique retreat: his memory!

Just two years ago, Colonel Jameson was ministering to hundreds of American servicemen at scattered, remote outposts in one of the world's coldest and loneliest areas—the western (Alaskan) sector of the Air Force's 3,000-mile Distant Early Warning (DEW) Line. There, even now, the brief Arctic summer is ending; soon the green-brown tundra that was his half-million square mile parish will become a blinding white wilderness. What a place for a Texas-born Methodist minister!

Col. Jameson, who at 45 is in his 18th year as a military chaplain, was in the far north as senior chaplain

Weary traveler: The chaplain relaxes with his daughters at a hi-fi concert in their Fairbanks home.

Outward bound: Against the roar of planes at the air terminal, he concentrates on his prayer book while a tired airman sleeps beside him.

of the 11th Air Division headquartered at Ladd Air Force Base, Fairbanks, Alaska (since converted to an Army installation). Unlike the circuit riders of old, who carried the gospel on horseback to the wilderness, Chaplain Jameson traveled mostly by air—averaging some 7,000 miles a month, even when temperatures dropped to 51 degrees below zero.

His circuit took him to many radar outposts and to Ice Island T-3, a fantastic floating base in the slate-blue Arctic off northern Alaska. There military and civilian personnel conducted scientific studies on a block of ice some 50 miles square and 150 feet thick which drifted in a great, clockwise circle from near the North Pole to near the Bering Strait.

"It was such a thrilling contrast this year to celebrate World Wide Communion Sunday in the beautiful

First stop: His helicopter lands at a remote radar station. Here the temperature is 42 below zero!

green state of Virginia," he says. "What a contrast to the same observance in 1959, when I served Communion on a drifting Arctic island!"

James Leveque, then on the staff of the *Fairbanks News-Miner,* accompanied Colonel Jameson on one of his trips and took these pictures. Leveque, too, since has left the northland for a more temperate clime—and now is a staff member of the *Honolulu Star-Bulletin* in Hawaii!

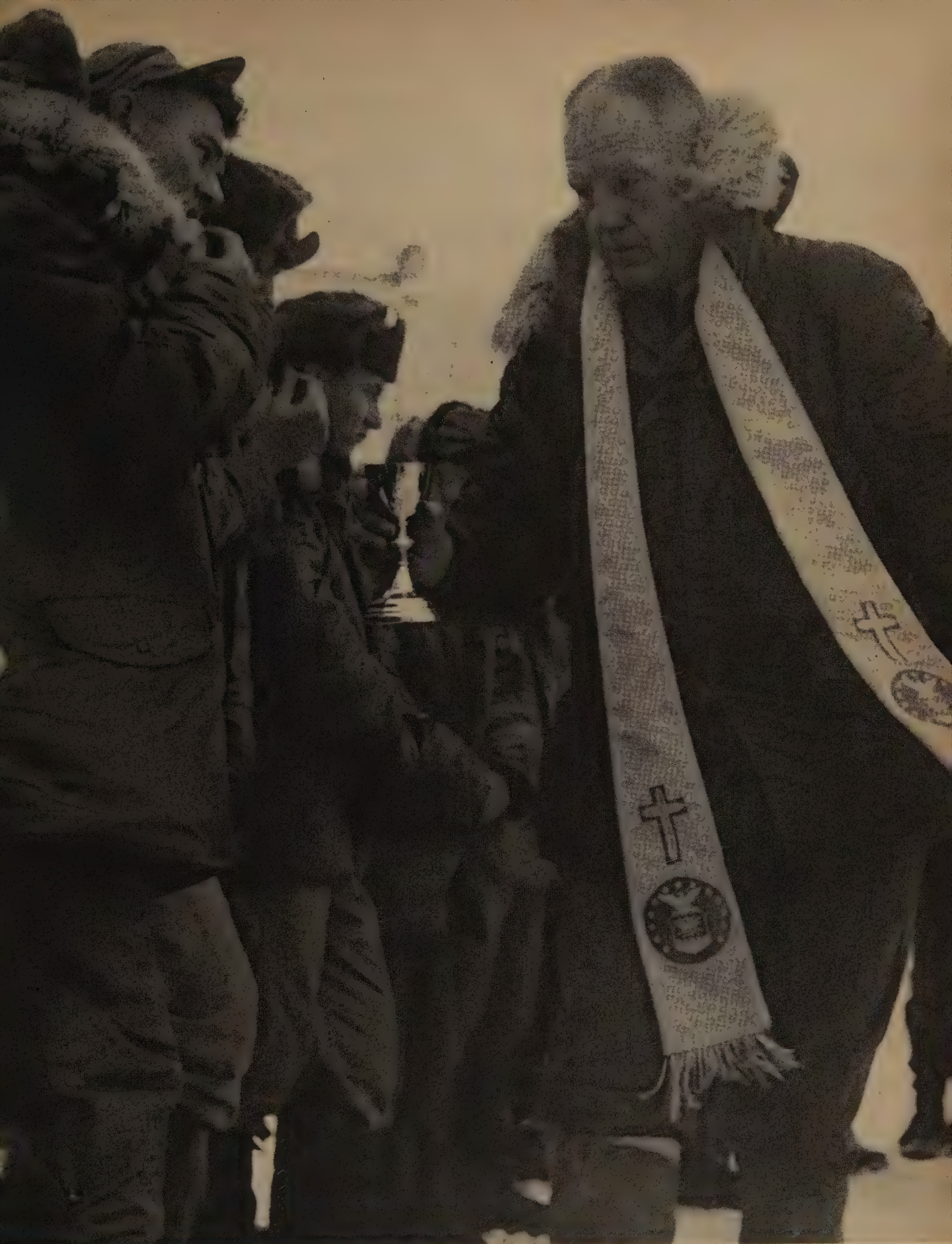
"I hope the readers of TOGETHER will appreciate the beautiful pictures of snow and ice during the heat of summer," the colonel writes. "Certainly it is refreshing to me these warm days to recall the cold wastelands upon which our men serve."

Equally heroic are America's military chaplains—dedicated men such as Chaplain Jameson who carry the Gospel wherever it is needed, whether in tropic heat or Arctic cold.

Man's man: Chaplain Jameson understands enlisted men, always has a story to tell. He has a college-age son of his own.

Far from home: Leaving the mess hall, Col. Jameson stops to say "howdy" to a fellow Southerner and Methodist, T-Sgt. John Haygood of Cherokee, Ala.

Lone figure: Dwarfed by radar dome and polar landscape, he leaves the station's warmth to continue his long, northward flight.



Communion on Ice Island T-3: "Drink this in remembrance that Christ's blood was shed for you, and be thankful."

LETTERS *(continued from page 10)*

God. Also I come because I meet others my own age who have the same things in common."

Judging has just been completed for our John Dickins Award—with two collegians locked in a first-place tie! Be sure to see their winning essays next month, in the September issue.—EDS.

A Tribute to Mother Howell

MR. AND MRS. ROBERT HOWELL
Pittsboro, Ind.

We Howells are very proud that our family has contributed so many ministers to the Christian church [see *Unusual Methodists,* May, page 21].

We are very disappointed, however, that you did not mention our mother. She played a most important part in the raising and training of these boys, nursing them through illnesses, working to help the family finances or to aid one of the boys with his education, or filling the pulpit when Pop was ill or away from home.

We do not feel you have paid a very good tribute to our family by leaving Mother out.

We're red-faced that during Mother's Day month we didn't say more about so outstanding a mother as Mrs. Howell. It was unintentional, of course, but to help make amends here's a picture (below) of her with her husband.—EDS.

Mother Howell: She gets credit, too!

Bullskin Teacher—Typical

MILTON H. TOWNSEND
Union College
Barbourville, Ky.

We appreciate the Union College reference [see *Lunchtime at Little Bullskin School,* March, page 64] and the fact that we have been of some help in aiding education in our area.

Over half of the teachers in the five-county area in which Union College is located are graduates of this institution. We are very proud of the progress we are making in this territory.

She Saw It—In India!

MRS. HELEN P. BLEW
Bridgeton, N.J.

Last year I went on a freighter trip around the world, stopping at various ports to visit inland. One day in India, I noticed a fine, big new church on a road outside Delhi. A clever saying on a sign out front attracted my attention, and I copied it down.

Imagine my surprise when reading the March TOGETHER to see on page 69 a picture of the church, and the very same sign, reading: "Centenary Methodist Church—Trespassers Will Be Forgiven!"

Let Moslems Alone?

LYLE J. NORTON
San Francisco, Calif.

TOGETHER's January issue discusses our missionary effort in Pakistan [*Pakistan: A New Land of Decision,* page 37]. For the people there, Islam seems to be dynamic as well as soul-satisfying. While in Saudi Arabia, I talked with many Moslems satisfied with their ideology.

Aren't we being a bit irresponsible when we take advantage of their religious freedom policy and seek converts to Christianity there? What makes better material for Communism than a person attempting to choose between different ideologies?

Few Divorcees Are So Lucky!

NAME AND ADDRESS WITHHELD

I can really appreciate the ex-divorcee's letter [May, page 10] and *How to Treat Your Divorced Friends* [March, page 34]. Against my will, I am wearing the divorce label. At times the stigma is almost unbearable. Friends, and even relatives, occasionally make remarks that cut to the heart and heal slowly.

I try to find joy in church activities, and appear happy and carefree—but even there I feel out of place.

How fortunate of the writer of the May letter to find a nice husband. Would that all divorcees were so lucky!

Church Can Aid Divorcee

ANN D. CHANDLER
Whittier, Calif.

Thanks for *How to Treat Your Divorced Friends* in your March issue. As a divorcee of more than a year, I've met most of the problems which the author describes so well in her article.

But, to my grateful surprise, I've found that the truly kind and thoughtful remarks and gestures have far outweighed any unpleasant encounters.

My most pleasant surprise came when I finally went back to church. I learned that the two local Methodist churches each have active "single" groups which welcome divorced persons without hesitation.

The woman who was my sponsor in one of these groups was another divorcee who did more to illustrate to me the genuine concern of the church for the divorced than any polite speech or vague dismissal of my circumstance could ever have done.

Together: A Timely Lift

MR. & MRS. K. P. EISENHAUER
Royersford, Pa.

Your May issue could not have come at a better time. My husband's brother died suddenly the first week of April and was buried Monday, the 10th. Tuesday, the 11th, we and his wife got our copies of TOGETHER. The articles *How to Help Someone in Sorrow* [page 26] and *The Breath of Eternity* [page 13] meant so much to us.

I hope our church continues with TOGETHER. It sure can give a person a lift!

Real Christians Are Happy

FREDERICK W. HARTWELL
Southbury, Conn.

I want to send a word of appreciation for the finest religious magazine I receive. It is truly helpful to me in my Christian life and is always passed on to my (Congregational) pastor. I sometimes hear echoes of it from the pulpit.

The particular thing that triggered this note was *The Wicked Flea* in the

Don't Forget

Deadline for the first part of TOGETHER's Charles Wesley Award—for words to a new hymn on the theme of Christian family life—is only a few weeks away. Entries must be received no later than September 1, 1961. For full details, see the announcement in the July issue, page 46, or write at once for The Charles Wesley Award brochure available from Music Editor, TOGETHER, 740 N. Rush Street, Chicago 11, Ill.

May issue [page 30]. It is fast approaching the stature of *Wise and Otherwise* in the old *Christian Advocate*. I agree with John Wesley on sour godliness ("Sour godliness is the devil's religion"). Seems to me the only real Christians are the happy ones.

Debtors Should Repay—on Time!

ARTHUR S. CORY, *Banker*
Chehalis, Wash.

I am very surprised you published *A Sign Cooled Our Tempers* [February, page 34], since it seemed that you were approving the closing sentence, "People like Reed Morrel are the kind of neighbors to have!"

This man was loaned money, but did not repay for a long time. He didn't even write to explain his financial or physical condition, and even "disappeared." The creditors had to spend time and money to go to his house and collect the money, which he had in currency. If all debtors acted as this fellow did, few loans would be made.

There are so many fine folks—honest, and faithful in their obligations. Surely you are not approving this man's actions, or lack of same?

She Speaks Up for the Bishop!

MRS. C. K. SMITH
Leesburg, Ind.

Regarding Mrs. Winston White's letter in the March issue [page 8], I suggest that she misread what Bishop Kennedy had to say about Mary Ellen Chase's book *The Lovely Ambition* [*Browsing in Fiction*, December, 1960, page 57].

I think he meant to say something like this: "My only objection ought to be ignored, as my readers will quickly recognize my personal prejudice," rather than "My only objection is that the author makes the bishop a stuffed shirt and a fool. This, as you will be quick to recognize, is a personal prejudice and ought to be ignored."

There! Now I've lived long enough to be explaining what a bishop thinks!

Pictures Put Beauty in Posters

FLORENCE G. BOULTER
Plainfield, N.J.

Having just sent a gift subscription to TOGETHER to a dear friend of many years, I want to express further appreciation to you.

I have a church-school class of seventh grade boys and girls, and our first unit of study this year, is "We Learn About God." We are making posters to illustrate our studies, and the lovely pictures from TOGETHER are an important part of the project.

Name Your Hobby

Why not write to one or more of these hobbyists this summer? Or—if you want your hobby listed here—write to us. Meanwhile, enjoy this month's *Hobby Alley*, a camping story in pictures beginning on page 73.—EDS.

BIRDS: Lenane Turner, Hillcrest, Barnesville, Ohio.

BLANK CHECKS: Clarence and Joe Vaughn, 912 N. Washington, Liberal, Kans.

BOOKS: Rev. T. F. Swanson, 1856 S. Pinecrest, Wichita, Kans. (especially works of Bishops Simpson and McIntyre).

CAKE DECORATING: Mrs. Bill Barnes, 515 E. Sixth, Hays, Kans.

CAMPAIGN BUTTONS: Larry Burke, Hailey, Idaho; Walter E. Jennings, 196 S. 4½ Mile Rd., Midland, Mich.

CANES: Mrs. Loyle Erickson, R. 1, Box 103, Harvard, Nebr.

CHESS BY MAIL: Mrs. G. H. Weeks, 833 Crescent Blvd., Houma, La.; Dan McCartney, 608 Easy St., Bridgeport, W.Va.; Arthur H. Gard, 2411 S. Adams St., Marion, Ind.

CHRISTMAS CARDS: Caremae Bradford, Deaconess Home, Concord, Mass. (making).

CIRCUSIANA: Charles O. Sandefur, Jr., 701 Elm Ave., Tillamook, Oreg. (clowning).

CLOCKS: Herman Bernau, Box 503, Ogden, Iowa (antique).

COOKBOOKS: Mrs. Robert Carr, Main St., R.D. 1, Norwell, Mass. (and recipes).

CROSSES: Mrs. Eunice Potter, 14 Clayton Ave., Methuen, Mass.

DOLLS: Daisy Welch, 25 Miller St., Bradford, Pa. (peanut and walnut); Patsy Pullen, Box 23, Keithsburg, Ill.; Mrs. Lula Nellis, 550 E. Gansevoort St., Little Falls, N.Y. (rag).

DUCK DECOYS: Ray and Peter Dennis, 1675 N. 122nd St., Wauwatosa, Wis.

EARRINGS: Mrs. Curtis H. Gentry, 405 W. Olive, Lamar, Colo.

FOSSILS: Edward W. Voigt, Bonfield, Ill. (and rocks).

GENEALOGY: Ernest N. Hogue, 805 Chenoweth Dr., Akron 19, Ohio (Allen, Binford, Collins, Giddens, Hickman, Hogue, Hotchkiss, Knight, Mahan, McDowell, Mead, Powell, Scales, Templeton, Tull, Watson); Mrs. Harold M. Smith, 9133 Newton Ave., S., Minneapolis 20, Minn. (Spray, Perham, Purdy, Noble, Gilk, Leitch, Crankle, Krankle, Grimes, Brubaker).

GREETING CARDS: Mrs. Walter C. Moore, R. 1, Box 129-C, Arvada, Colo. (sending).

HANDKERCHIEFS: Mrs. Edith Perry, R. 2, Box 156, Greenfield, Iowa (state maps).

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NEWS of the world parish

CLOSE VOTE SEEN ON PROPOSED AMENDMENT XII

Returns from 54 of Methodism's 100 annual conferences foreshadow a close decision on Amendment XII, which would increase the number of delegates to the General Conference. As of late June, there had been 7,475 votes for the proposition and 5,159 against.

Two-thirds of the combined membership of the General Conference and all the annual conferences must approve to amend the Constitution of The Methodist Church. Annual conferences must complete voting before the 1964 General Conference.

In addition to increasing the number of delegates to the General Conference to at least 900 (but not more than 1,400), Amendment XII would require jurisdictional conferences to meet prior to or at the same time and place as the General Conference.

Other action taken by annual conferences included:

North Arkansas—Endorsed nonviolent civil-rights demonstrations such as lunch-counter sit-ins.

North Indiana—Urged Methodist general boards to make it clear that they are not speaking officially for the entire denomination in issuing controversial declarations.

Oklahoma—Reaffirmed confidence in the National Council of Churches, but urged caution on its pronouncements.

New England—Bishop James K. Mathews deplored the lack of attention being given the cold war between India and China, "the one major crisis of our times."

Pittsburgh—Called on The Methodist Church to take the initiative in communicating with other religious faiths in seeking solutions to problems of church-state relations.

Central New York—Commended efforts of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., integration leader, to break down racial segregation in the South.

Lexington (Central Jurisdiction)—Charged that both the Kennedy and Eisenhower administrations have lacked spiritual and moral fortitude in enforcing school integration.

New York—Called on its ministers and laymen to expose the "complete injustice" of charges made by the John Birch Society. It also urged abolition of the House Un-American Activities Committee and the organization of a new and more constructive committee.

Troy—Refused to reaffirm its previous stand that supported closer ties between Communist China and the U.S. It also voted to reject a recommendation of reaffirmation submitted by its Board of Christian Social Concerns.

Merger Talk Welcomed

There seems to be a willingness on the part of Methodism to sit down and talk about the proposed merger of four Protestant bodies, according to Methodist Bishop Glenn R. Phillips of Denver, Colo. But, said the chairman of the Methodist Commission on Church Union, any significance to Methodism in the proposed merger must await General Conference consideration in 1964.

Dr. Eugene Carson Blake, stated clerk of the United Presbyterian Church's General Assembly, first offered the merger plan in December. It would include The Methodist Church, the United Presbyterian Church, the Protestant Episcopal Church, and the United Church of Christ.

A tentative merger step was taken when the United Presbyterian General Assembly, in session at Buffalo, N.Y., voted overwhelmingly to create a negotiating committee for a "united church, truly catholic, truly reformed, and truly evangelical."

Bishop Phillips explained that the phrase "truly evangelical" was suggested by Methodists in March when members of the Commission on Church Union met with Protestant Episcopal leaders in Washington, D.C.

The Twelve *Drive Planned*

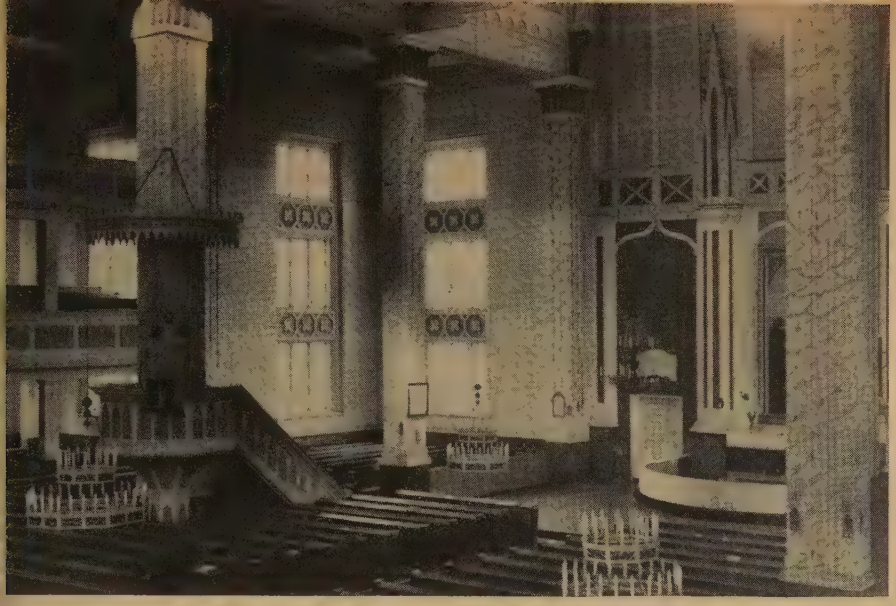
The Methodist National Lay Committee on Evangelism has announced that it will concentrate on organizing groups of *The Twelve* in Methodist churches throughout the U.S.

The Twelve is a name chosen by the Methodist Board of Evangelism for groups of Methodists who organize primarily to strengthen their own spiritual life and to win new persons to Christ.

Chilean Churches Rebuilding

The $872,000 given by U.S. Methodists for Chilean relief is providing "new life for the Chilean church," re-

Leaders shown at the recent National Convocation of Methodist Deaconesses held at Purdue University, Lafayette, Ind., are (from left) seated: Bishop H. Clifford Northcott, former chairman of the Commission on Deaconess Work, and Mrs. Northcott; standing: Miss Mary Lou Barnwell, N.Y., commission executive secretary; Bishop W. Vernon Middleton of Pittsburgh, Pa., and Mrs. Paul Spencer of Alliance, Ohio, commission vice-chairman who presided at several sessions.



One of the world's largest wooden churches at Kerimaki, Finland, was built through error. It accommodates 3,400 people in a village of only 800 residents. Plans were in feet, but builders used meters. A portion of the interior is shown.

ported the late Bishop B. Foster Stockwell of the Santiago Area.

Relief funds, channeled through the Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief, are aiding in the rebuilding of the several Methodist churches destroyed and the more than a dozen seriously damaged by Chilean earthquakes.

The rebuilding program is under the direction of Wallace Arms of Napier, Iowa, a lay missionary. Working with him is Miss Esther Oss of Argentina, who in 1960 completed graduate study in architecture at Syracuse University on a Crusade scholarship.

Chicago Bookstore Moving

The Chicago (Ill.) Cokesbury Book Store will move this fall to the Chicago Temple at Clark and Washington streets. The store will be located on the first and third floors of the skyscraper office building which houses the First Methodist Church in Chicago's Loop.

Announcement of the move was made by William B. Sutton, Chicago, manager of the Methodist Publishing House's 10-state North Central regional service center.

Honor Crusade Scholar's Son

Samuel Shaumba, son of a former Crusade Scholar, was inducted into the Tri-Steps Chapter of the National Honor Society at the Pennington School, Pennington, N.J.

The youth's father is the Rev. Pierre Shaumba, newly appointed general secretary of the Congo Protestant Council and the first African to hold such a high church post in the Congo. He was a 1957 Crusade Scholar graduate at Paine College, Augusta, Ga.

Off on the Wrong Foot?

A mistake—the biggest of its kind in the world—resulted in a huge wooden church in tiny Kerimaki, Finland.

A fire in 1840 destroyed the church in the small village. The villagers wrote to Helsinki for architectural drawings for a new building. When they arrived the local artisans got to work.

They wondered a little about the measurements but continued building with well-known Finnish stubbornness.

When they finished they discovered they had a church for 3,400 people, but there were—and are—only 800 souls in the village!

Upon rechecking the drawings they discovered that the architect had written all measurements in feet, while they had been building in meters! (One meter equals 3.28 feet.) That's how a small village in the heart of Finland happens to have one of the world's largest wooden churches.

'Free Churches' Gaining

Germany's 65 Free Churches (minority Protestant bodies) gained some 200,000 members in the last four years.

Dr. Kurt Hutten, a senior official of the Evangelical Church in Württemberg, said the churches' membership had increased from 700,000 in 1957 to a present 900,000.

The giant Evangelical Church is a federation of the Lutheran, Reformed, and United churches, while the so-called Free Churches are the smaller Protestant denominations.

Methodist Groups Merge

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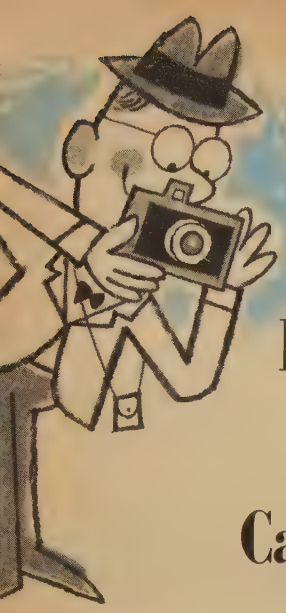

Don't Forget Your Camera!

WHEREVER you vacation this year, be sure to keep your camera handy. It not only will give you a fine batch of slides to help you remember those carefree days, but may win you a spot in TOGETHER's sixth reader-participation pictorial, to be published next summer. We're offering $25 for 35mm color slides ($35 for larger sizes) which best illustrate lines from the hymn, *Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life* (No. 465 in *The Methodist Hymnal*). Rich in imagery, it should suggest scores of imaginative picture situations. So load up and get busy; we're eager to see the results!

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Discussing integration of the Methodist Union, an organization for Methodist churches of the Cincinnati (Ohio) District, are (from left) Dr. Raoul C. Calkins, district superintendent; Robert Tatgenhorst, Union president, and the Rev. J. Inman Dixon, superintendent, Cincinnati subdistrict, Lexington Conference.

Cincinnati subdistrict of the Central (Negro) Jurisdiction's Lexington Conference have merged.

The path to the merger was cleared at the union's annual meeting at Mount Healthy Methodist Church, Mount Healthy, Ohio.

Dr. Raoul C. Calkins, Cincinnati District superintendent, and the Rev. J. Inman Dixon, Cincinnati subdistrict superintendent, have been working on projects of mutual concern.

Asks School Lunch Review

Dr. John Howes, professor of rural church, Wesley Theological Seminary, Washington, D.C., has asked the U.S. Department of Agriculture to review its policy of denying surplus foods for school-lunch programs to one-room schools.

He said his plea was prompted by the article, *Lunchtime at Little Bullskin School,* in the March issue of TOGETHER [page 64].

Under present regulations, surplus food can be given only to schools having kitchens and full-time cooks. Since 97 per cent of the one-room schools have electricity, Dr. Howes insists that surplus food properly can be used by schools with fewer facilities than specified in the present regulations.

Latest available figures show that there are 23,695 one-room schools serving more than 400,000 U.S. pupils. Dr. Howes said these pupils generally are in greater need of economic assistance than those in larger schools.

Dr. Creeger Back to Pulpit

Dr. Marion J. Creeger, executive secretary of the interdenominational General Commission on Chaplains and Armed Forces Personnel, will resign June 30, 1962, to return to the preaching ministry.

He has been a member of the New York East Conference of The Methodist Church for 41 years.

The commission, which represents 34 Protestant denominations, elected Dr. James V. Claypool, a Methodist minister of New Bedford, Mass., as one of its vice-presidents.

Methodists elected as members-at-large are Bishop John Wesley Lord, Washington, D.C., and Dr. Charles I. Carpenter, Milford, Del., former chief of Air Force chaplains.

Church Support Growing

Eighty-two of the 135 Methodist-related colleges, universities and other schools in the U.S. received more than $50,000 each in 1960 through The Methodist Church, reports a Methodist Board of Education official.

Dr. William E. Clark, director of the department of public and church relations of the board's Division of Higher Education, said that this figure referred to contributions by individual Methodists through regular church channels.

An average amount received from the church by the 82 schools was about $125,000, said Dr. Clark, which shows "that the actual support . . . of The Methodist Church is growing."

War No Solution: Nolde

Issues which divide the world into "two armed camps cannot be resolved by war," says Dr. O. Frederick Nolde, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dr. Nolde, director of the Commission of the Churches on International Affairs, told delegates at the U.S. Con-

ference for the World Council of Churches that recourse to nuclear warheads would not break today's impasse.

Of the guided missiles and nuclear warheads, he said: "Their most constructive use will be found in balanced dismantling as soon as sufficient confidence makes that possible."

'Old Believers' in Brazil

Another group of Old Believers, Christian refugees from the mainland of China, has left Hong Kong for resettlement in Pan Furado, Brazil. This is the denomination's second colony to be set up in Brazil by the World Council of Churches.

A third colony of 1,000 is planned for Old Believers who are still in China. It costs $450 a person to resettle these farmers who belong to a church that has been persecuted since the 17th century, when their forefathers refused to modernize their worship.

They have no formal church buildings and no ordained priesthood. But every house has its shrine where its icons are preserved. The worshipers maintain an ancient, unreformed liturgy.

Colleges Get Science Grants

Eleven Methodist-related colleges have been given grants by the National Science Foundation to train science and mathematics teachers.

The schools are Hendrix College, Conway, Ark.; Emory University, Atlanta, Ga.; American University, Washington, D.C.; Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill.; Centenary College, Shreveport, La.; Nebraska Wesleyan University, Lincoln, Nebr.; Drew University, Madison, N.J.; Baldwin-Wallace College, Berea, Ohio; Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa.; Emory and Henry College, Emory, Va., and Lawrence College, Appleton, Wis.

Iowa College Will Train 20 Students From Africa

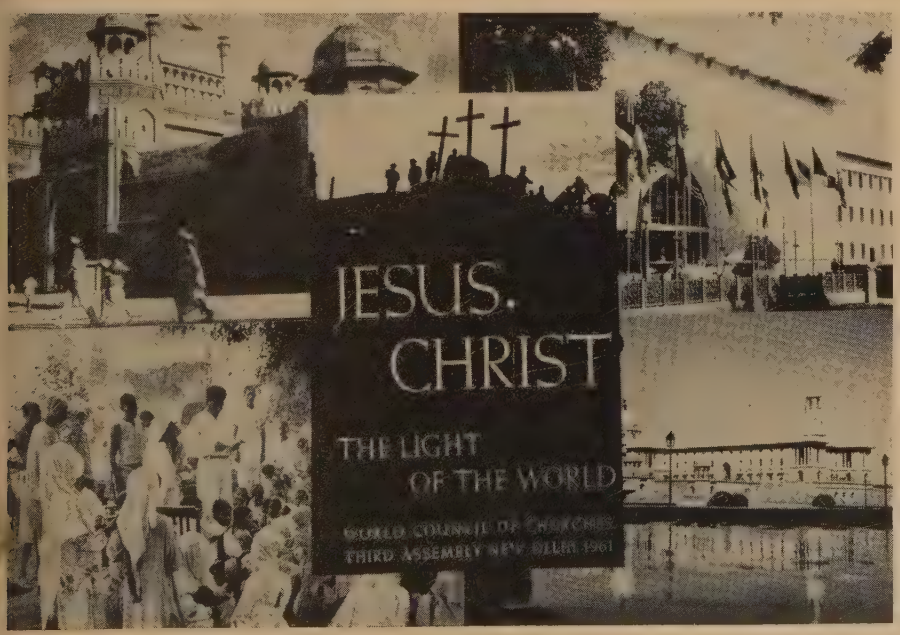
Twenty students from Africa will enter Methodist-related Morningside College in Sioux City, Iowa, this fall in a pilot project for training native leadership to serve the rapidly emerging continent.

Dr. J. Richard Palmer, Morningside president, said the students would complete the normal four-year college course in three years by attending summer school sessions.

Late last year the Methodist Board of Education called on the 135 Methodist-related colleges, universities, and secondary schools to sponsor one or two African students each. Twelve schools now are assisting 28 such students, and 10 colleges, 1 junior college, and 2 preparatory schools have offered to accept 16 qualified Africans on full scholarships in September.

The Morningside program represents the first attempt to provide scholarships for a large number of students. Dr. Ralph W. Decker, director of the department of educational institutions of the Methodist Board of Education, describes the venture as a "real pilot project" and a "breakthrough of the African-student project."

Dr. Palmer said his school hopes the students will come from Rhodesia, since a committee set up by Bishop Ralph E. Dodge of the Lourenço Marques



Churches of India are preparing for the Third Assembly of the World Council of Churches in New Delhi, November 18 to December 5. At upper right is the Vigynan Bhavan Conference Hall where the assembly will hold its meetings. Participants will be limited to 1,200 of whom 625 will be official delegates.

ENGLISH-LANGUAGE CHURCHES IN EUROPE

As a guide for people going to the European Continent, here is a listing of the English-language churches most frequently visited by tourists.

FRANCE

Nice: Church of the Holy Spirit (PE), 21 Boulevard Victor Hugo

Paris: The American Church, 65 Quai d'Orsay; American Pro-Cathedral of the Holy Trinity (PE), 23 Avenue George V; Scots Kirk (CS), 59 Avenue Hoche

GERMANY

Bad Godesberg (Bonn): American Protestant Church, Frankengraben 126/4

Berlin: The American Church, Onkel Tom Strasse, West Sector; St. George Baden Alle (CE), Off Heerstrasse, Charlottenburg

ITALY

Florence: St. James Church (PE), 15 Via Bernardo Rucellai

Rome: All Saints' Church (CE), 153-b Via del Babuino; St. Andrew's Church (CS), 7 Via Venti Settembre; St. Paul's American Church (PE), 53 Via Napoli

THE NETHERLANDS

Amsterdam: Christ Church (CE), Groenburgwal 42

The Hague: American Protestant Church, Ranonkelstraat 61

Rotterdam: Scots Kirk (CS), Schiedamse Vest, 121

PORTUGAL

Lisbon: Church of Scotland, Rua da Arriaga 13; St. George's Church (CE), Rua da Estrela

SPAIN

Madrid: St. George's Church (CE), Calle de Hermosilla

SWITZERLAND

Geneva: American Church (PE), 3 rue de Monthoux; Church of Scotland Chapel, Auditoire de Calvin, Place de la Taconnerie; Holy Trinity Church (CE), Rue du Mont Blanc

CE—Church of England, CS—Church of Scotland, PE—Protestant Episcopal

For *A Guide to English-Language Congregations in Selected Cities of the Near East and Europe*, write Department of Overseas Union Churches, National Council of Churches.

METHODIST CHURCHES

Some of the many Methodist churches in Europe with services in the language of the country are:

Berlin, Germany: 14-15 Tilsiterstrasse, East Berlin; 30 Paulinenstrasse, West Berlin

Paris, France: Rue Roquepin

Oslo, Norway: First Methodist Church, where the World Federation of Methodist Women will meet August 12-14; Central Church, meeting place of the World Methodist Conference, August 17-25

Rome, Italy: Vevia Firenza 38

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Area, Southern Rhodesia, already has approved 35 students for U.S. college scholarships.

It is estimated that tuition, fees, books, board, and room will cost $2,000 a year per student. Dr. Palmer said the Methodist Board of Missions' Division of World Missions has agreed to underwrite board and room costs of $1,000 a year per student and transportation expenses from Africa to Morningside and return. The Board of Education has agreed to subsidize one full-time faculty member to serve as director of the project.

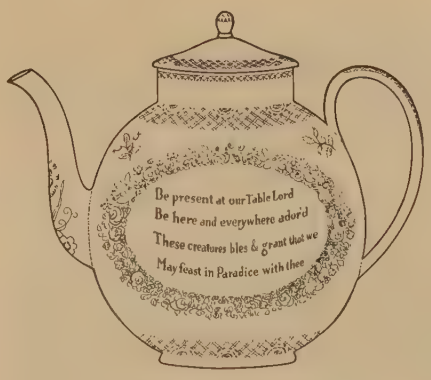
The North Iowa Annual Conference has been asked to raise the balance of the cost through education specials.

Beginning in their second year, the students will be required to do part-time work on the campus, not to exceed 10 hours a week, to earn money for incidental expenses and to repay the $100 the college will advance each student for incidentals during the first year.

The Men's Senior Honor Society has volunteered to pick 20 of its members to serve as individual guides for the students. They will be given special training.

A feature of the program will be a first year course, *Introduction to American Culture*, which will include an introduction to the many ways of life in Iowa, visits to Sioux City municipal offices, industrial plants, cultural centers, and churches.

"Next year," Dr. Palmer said, "Morningside would like to take 20 students from South America, and after that 20 from the Far East."


Be present at our Table Lord
Be here and everywhere adord
These creatures bles & grant that we
May feast in Paradice with thee

John Wesley Teapot

Wesley Teapot Teas Brewing

Methodist women over the nation are celebrating the 200th anniversary of a famous teapot designed and produced especially for John Wesley by his friend, Josiah Wedgwood, in 1761.

During the anniversary year, Methodist women are holding Wesley teas with improvised programs from his biographies and hymnal. For each such event, they borrow or buy a replica of the famous utensil.

UPCOMING EVENTS

Of Interest to Methodists Everywhere

AUGUST

3-17—National training session for church-camp leaders, Matamoras, Pa.

6-11—Biennial meeting of National Fellowship of Methodist Musicians, California Western University, San Diego, Calif.

12-16—Closed and general sessions of the World Federation of Methodist Women, Oslo, Norway.

14-16—World Methodist Convocations on Theological Education, Methodist Theological School, Gothenburg, Sweden.

15—World Executive Committee meeting, World Methodist Council, Oslo, Norway.

16—World Methodist Council meeting, Oslo, Norway.

17-25—Tenth World Methodist Conference, Oslo, Norway.

26-31—Seventh Quadrennial National Conference of the Methodist Student Movement, University of Illinois, Urbana, Ill.

WSCS STUDY TOPICS: General program—*A Council of Churches*, by Miss Dorothy McConnell; Circle program—*World Federation of Methodist Women*, by Mrs. T. Otto Nall.

Korean Giving 'Amazing'

In 1960, Korean Methodists gave an amount equal to $7 for every man, woman, and child in the Methodist constituency, reports Dr. Charles A. Sauer, Circleville, Ohio.

Dr. Sauer, Methodist news correspondent for Korea, emphasized:

"Considering that the country was devastated by war just a few years ago and recently has been in a state of political unrest, the Korean Methodist Church evidences a remarkable sense of self-support and sacrifice in its financial record. The giving represents an amazingly high percentage of per capita annual income, which is less than $100."

Urge Halt to Bloodshed

More than 80 prominent Protestant and Roman Catholic clergymen and laymen in the U.S. and Canada have made an open-letter appeal to Portugal to halt bloodshed in Angola, West Africa.

Among Methodist signers were Dr. Harold C. Case, president of Boston University; Bishop Gerald Kennedy; Miss Ruth Lawrence, Woman's Division of Christian Service; Bishop Richard C. Raines; Dr. Roland W. Scott, Board of Missions Division of World Missions, and Dr. Eugene Smith, general secretary, Division of World Missions.

Recent reports to the African Committee of the National Council of Churches indicate that at least 1,000

whites and 8,000 natives have been killed. Some estimates of African casualties run as high as 20,000, according to Dr. Theodore L. Tucker, committee secretary.

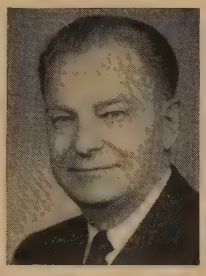
The letter urged President Americo Tomaz to arrange a conference between his government's representatives and Angolan leaders "to seek a reasonable solution" to end the indiscriminate killings.

Declaring that it is the obligation of any state to control rioting and armed manifestations, they deplored the violent reaction in Angola "which has carried suppression to excessive lengths."

The U.S. and Canadian spokesmen expressed hope that authorities will take immediate steps to restore racial harmony.

New Pastor at Chicago Temple

Dr. Robert Bruce Pierce has been named pastor at First Methodist Church (Chicago Temple), Chicago, Ill. He succeeds Dr. Charles Ray Goff who has retired at age 72 after 19 years at the Temple.



Dr. Goff

Dr. Goff will continue his association with the Temple, assisting Dr. Pierce with preaching and counseling. In addition he will do his radio program, *Methodist Men's Hour,* which he has done for many years.

Prior to his Chicago appointment, Dr. Pierce was pastor of Metropolitan Methodist Church, Detroit, Mich.

Tonga Churches Need Help

The World Council of Churches has appealed for financial aid to Tonga, a group of islands in the Southwest Pacific. Tonga was devastated by a 36-hour hurricane that inflicted heavy damage on church property, most of which belongs to the Methodist Church of Tonga. [See *Beautiful and Methodist: The Tonga Islands,* page 74, August, 1957.]

It is estimated that at least $900,000 will be needed for repairs and rebuilding.

Over half of the population (60,000) of the British-protected territory is Methodist.

CENTURY CLUB

TOGETHER welcomes another Methodist who has had more than 100 birthdays to the Century Club this month. She is:

Mrs. Curelia Hooton, 103, Buffalo, Mo.

Names of other Methodists 100 or older will be published as they are sent in. Please allow two months for publication.

The New York Interchurch Center's exhibit depicting man's struggle for peace is opened by (from left) E. A. Gross, the National Council of Churches; Sir Leslie Munro, past president, UN General Assembly, and Attorney W. N. Seymour, member of the American Bar Association.

Gambling Bills Condemned

The 56th annual meeting of the Hawaiian Mission in Honolulu declared it is "unalterably opposed" to pari mutuel wagering and urged the state legislature to defeat bills to legalize gambling in any form.

Earlier this year the Rev. Frank E. Butterworth, pastor of First Methodist Church, Honolulu, and chairman of the Honolulu Council of Churches public-affairs committee, spearheaded the formation of a civic committee to arouse public opinion.

The committee feared moves in the legislature to repeal laws against betting on dog races. If this bar were dropped, the door would be open for other forms of gambling, Mr. Butterworth said.

The mission reported Methodist membership in Hawaii is 5,155—an increase of 500 over 1960.

Deplores Peace, Unity Lag

Methodist Bishop W. Vernon Middleton of Pittsburgh considers achievement of unity and peace among men and nations more important than the first landing in outer space.

Addressing the Third National Con-

They're NEW! SELL Graceline NAPKINS

You, your women's society, or any church group will earn easy, extra money *fast* when you show this beautiful new assortment of colorful table napkins—each with a well-known "grace" prayer. Wrapped in cellophane, 50 per pkg. *Wonderful repeat item!*

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Dr. Carl D. Stewart (right), former missionary to Cuba and now director of the Protestant Center for Cuban Refugees in Miami, Fla., accepts 22 truckloads of food and clothing collected by Kiwanis clubs. From left are Dr. N. M. Harrison, retired Methodist Minister of High Point, N.C., who originated the collection, and Jack Eakle and Ed Moylan who represent the Kiwanis clubs.

vocation of Methodist Deaconesses, Bishop Middleton said, "The major world powers, including the United States, are spending fabulous sums of money to win the race for mastery of space and nuclear fission. Yet in the more difficult realm of human relations, we expect the human race to 'stroll' into unity and peace."

Bishop Stockwell Dies

Methodist Bishop B. Foster Stockwell, Lima, Peru, died June 5 in Buenos Aires, Argentina. Death was attributed to aftereffects of pneumonia.

Bishop Stockwell

He was elected bishop of the Santiago Episcopal Area in the Central Conference of Latin America in August, 1960. Bishop Stockwell previously had been president of Union Theological Seminary in Buenos Aires for 35 years.

Bishop Stockwell was born at Shawnee, Okla., in 1899. He received his education at the Alva (Okla.) State Normal School, Ohio Wesleyan University, and Boston University School of Theology.

Asks New Cabinet Post

The executive committee of the Woman's Division of Christian Service of the Methodist Board of Missions has called for creation of a federal department on urban affairs, reiterated its stand supporting federal aid for public schools, and asked for extension of minimum-wage coverage to an additional 4,311,000 workers.

The committee, meeting in New York, also criticized the controversial House Un-American Activities Committee film *Operation Abolition,* and warned Methodist women "to be alert to the inroads of the John Birch Society into the life of the church and community."

Latin Conference Divides

The Central America Provisional Annual Conference has divided into two conferences—the Panama Provisional Annual Conference and the Costa Rica Provisional Annual Conference.

Permission for the action was granted by the 1960 General Conference.

Latest reports place membership at 600 in 20 congregations in the Panama Conference, and 900 in 64 congregations in the Costa Rica Conference.

Methodists Promote Scouting

Methodist churches were the largest participants in the God and Country program of the Boy Scouts of America in 1960.

A statistical report of Protestant and Orthodox church participation in the program reveals that 3,912 Scouts in Methodist-sponsored troops earned the award. Presbyterian churches ranked second with 1,938 awards.

Diplomacy Center Established

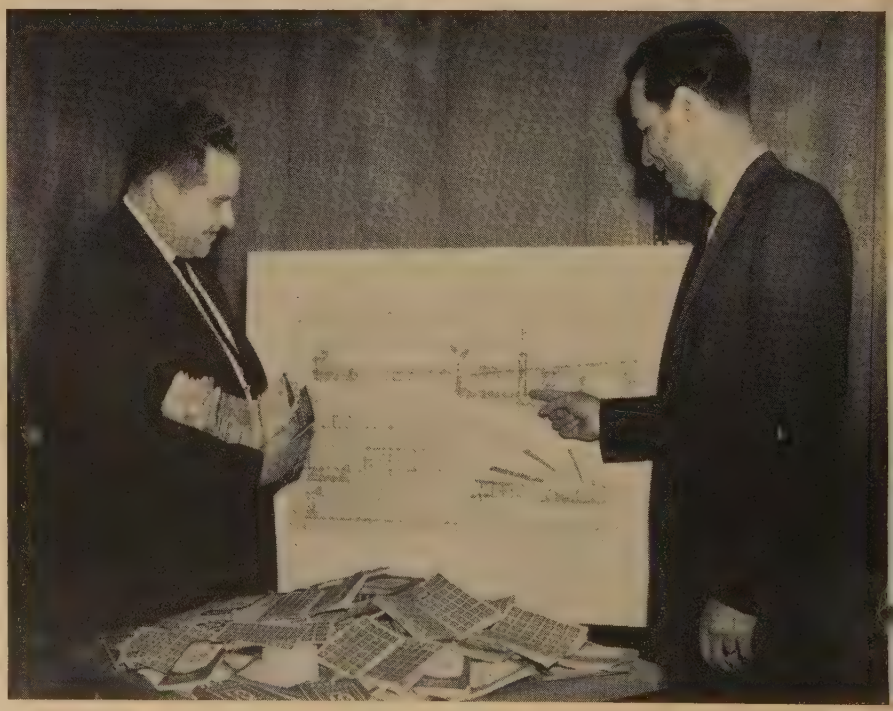
The creation of a Center of Diplomacy and Foreign Policy has been announced by Methodist-related American University, Washington, D.C.

Training of foreign-service officers from the world's newer nations will be the center's first project.

Inaugural Prayers Overdone?

A resolution adopted by the 66th annual convention of the Episcopal Diocese, Washington, D.C., called for fewer and shorter prayers at future presidential inaugurations.

"We appreciate the intention, but we do not believe the present practice



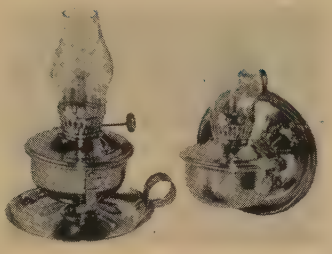
Trading stamps donated by members of the Bethany Community Church, Fresno, Calif., will help pay for construction of a new sanctuary. Merchants have agreed to convert the stamps to cash. Checking the architect's sketch are the Rev. Al Silvera (left), pastor of the church, and H. F. Himes, lay leader.

Please pay by check or money order. Do not send cash.

Prices are postpaid unless otherwise shown. All companies are reliable. However, if you find your order unsatisfactory, return the merchandise promptly for a full refund.

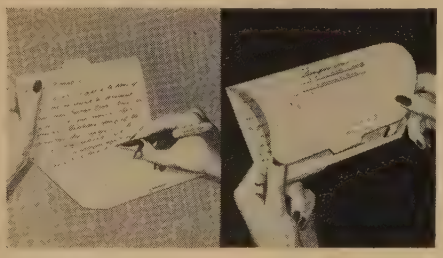
Shopping Together

Friendship Ring—Gift for a best friend. Sterling-silver ring offers a wish in Chinese characters for good fortune (health, happiness, prosperity, success). First name engraved in English. You'll be proud to give or own it. Send string for ring size. $1.50.
The Jamaica Silversmith, Dept. TG8, 79-32 164th St., Jamaica 32, N.Y.



Seafarer's Lamp—Replica of schooner cabin light lends atmosphere aplenty to patio, den, recreation room. Spot them about; swivel for use on table or wall. Burn six hours on kerosene (a good emergency light). 7½" tall; copper- or chrome-plated, $1. Two for $1.79.
Murray Hill House, Dept. T861, P.O. Box 126, Bethpage, L.I., N.Y.

Dolphin Jar—Pamper her a bit. Give her this elegant powder jar. Fill it to the brim with fragrant bath powder and a fluffy puff. She'll revel in that luxurious feeling of femininity. Old shell-and-dolphin design jar comes in crystal, amber, or camphor glass. $3.50.
Old Guilford Forge, Dept. TG, Old Guilford, Conn.



Fold-A-Notes—Drop a line on a post card-velope. More private than regular card; more room (5½x7); saves time. Just fold, tuck in flap, mail. Take a pack on vacation. Wonderful for collegiates, club women. Nice white stock. 40 for $1. Triple pack (120) for $1.98.
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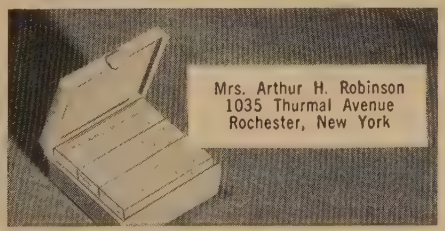
Name Plate—Engraved, satin finish aluminum name plate (7x1) can be used imaginatively—identify doors, personalize many gift items (sticks to any clean, flat surface), albums, boxes, children's furniture, etc. Any wording, 1 or 2 lines, up to 20 spaces each. $1.95.
Spear Engineering Co., 101G Spear Bldg., Colorado Springs, Colo.



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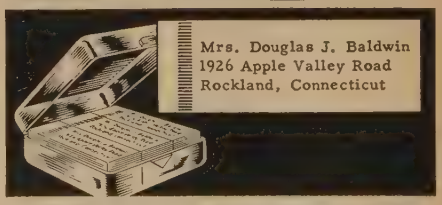

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A Song of Praise for 'Carrolls'

"Homemade" rolls take extra time and work. But when they evoke such expressions, aren't they worth it?

REMEMBER how the Ginger Sweet Potatoes prepared by three men cooks were the stars of a Methodist Father and Son dinner in Carroll, Iowa [March, page 74]?

Well, that recipe came from Mrs. Belle C. Wynkoop, church hostess at the historic Leesburg, Va., Methodist Church, and the men enjoyed it so much that they were charmed into sending her one of their favorites. It was for hot rolls which I can't resist calling "Carrolls."

Mrs. Wynkoop served them with sparkling homemade strawberry preserves at a roast-beef dinner for 40 ministers of music, choir directors, choir members, and music consultants. The dinner climaxed a district hymnal workshop at the Leesburg church, and not a sour note was heard from the guests.

If your church group wants to try these Iowa tempters, Carroll chef A. B. Rogers has developed a recipe for 50 people. It yields 10 dozen rolls, which may sound like a lot, but I predict you won't have so much as a crumb left.

HOT CARROLLS

4 cakes compressed yeast
2 teaspoons sugar
2 cups warm water
4 cups scalded milk
1½ cups shortening
1½ cups sugar
1/3 cup salt
4 eggs
20-22 cups flour

Dissolve yeast and 2 teaspoons sugar in warm water and let set about 20 minutes, until bubbles start to break. Add milk, shortening, 1½ cups sugar, salt, eggs, and about half the flour. Let set until the mixture rises and breaks. Add the remainder of the flour and work in. Let rise until size doubles. Shape into rolls, put in greased pans, and let rise again. Bake in a hot oven until brown. This recipe takes about 4 hours, but the aroma wafting from the kitchen will keep the cook pleasant company.

Leesburg Methodists have a long history. On May 11, 1766, the deed to a lot in the new town of Leesburg was conveyed to Robert Hamilton for "no other use but for a church or meeting house and grave yard." In 1768 the deed was delivered to members of the Methodist Society, and in 1770 members of that Leesburg congregation were worshiping in a church of soft stone.

The old stone church, however, could not accommodate the growing membership very long. Sometime between 1785 and 1790 a second, larger structure replaced it; and the present brick building was completed at a new site in 1853.

Whether you share the bread of Christian fellowship in a storied church or a brand-new one, I want to hear about it. For it's to provide a trading post for ideas, experiences, and problems in preparing meals for Methodist groups that *Feeding Fifty* exists. And, speaking of ideas, I'm very interested in seeing church cook books. Write me at TOGETHER, 740 N. Rush Street, Chicago 11, Ill.

—SALLY WESLEY

necessary or wise," said the statement.

It was pointed out that at President Kennedy's inauguration, the combined prayers of the four clergymen required 28 minutes of a 51-minute ceremony.

Methodists in the News

Bettijean Jeska, 17, Swanton, Ohio, won the 1961 National Junior Cook-of-the-Year award. She is a member of Boyer Methodist Church, Swanton.

Dr. Louis A. Pappenhagen was named one of six winners of the 1961 College Chemistry Teachers Awards. He is a staff member of Methodist-related Mount Union College, Alliance, Ohio.

Mrs. Grace Parry Nelson, Stickney, S.Dak., has been named South Dakota Mother of the Year for 1961. She is the mother of Methodist missionary Merwyn Nelson.

Herbert J. Taylor, Park Ridge, Ill., was elected chairman of the Methodist National Lay Committee on Evangelism. **Mrs. B. J. Edge**, Whiting, Ind., was elected secretary.

John Goodwin Tower, Wichita Falls, Tex., was elected the first Republican U.S. Senator from Texas since Reconstruction days. He is a member of First Methodist Church, Wichita Falls, and the son of Dr. Joe Z. Tower, executive secretary of the Texas Annual Conference.

CAMERA CLIQUE

Shutter Fun in the Sun: *If you're heading out on a late-summer vacation, be sure to take your camera. That's what the Rev. Henry K. Erwin did last August—with the results we proudly exhibit as this month's* Hobby Alley *feature, starting on page 73. Meanwhile, here are some random tips to make your summer shooting more fun:*

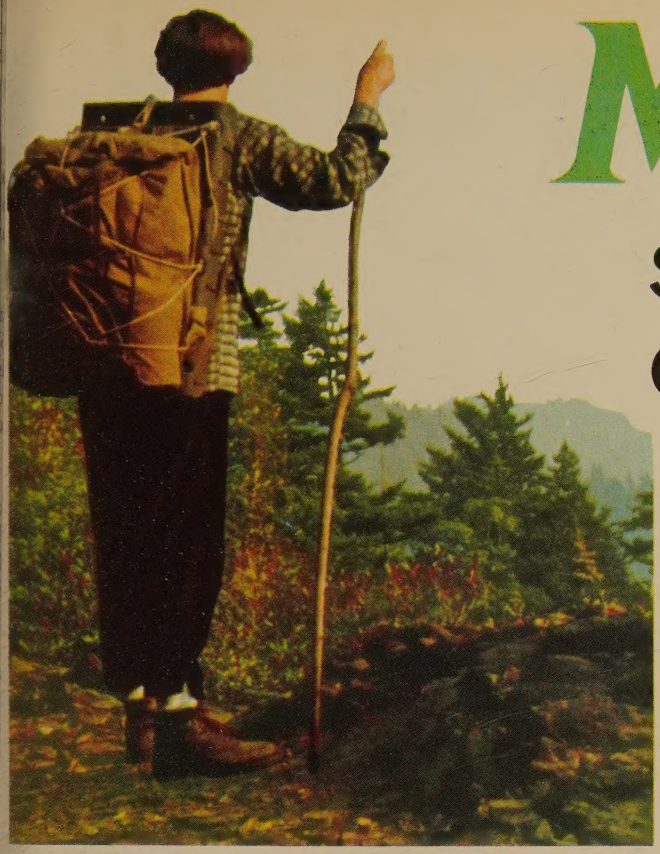
Try to take some pictures "looking through things"—like doorways, trees, even fish nets. Avoid taking closeup portraits in the harsh noonday sun, when light rays from directly overhead circle the eyes in shadow and shade the mouth. Instead, try to have your subject's face illuminated indirectly, by reflected light. Incidentally, any time you can catch a reflection, do so. Reflections in water, mirrors, or windowpanes invariably make good pictures.

Unlike humans, cameras have no heart. They show things exactly as they appear in your view finder—not as your imagination sees them. So take extra care; the chance to get that shot you take hurriedly and mess up may never come again!

Here are photo credits for this issue:

Cover—Mike Roberts • Page 13—*Chicago Sun-Times* • 18-19-20—U.S. Forest Service • 32—Bettmann Archive • 37—Free Lance Photographers Guild • 40—Gail Reed • 46—Max Tharpe • 52—Harper & Brothers • 58-59-60-61—James Leveque • 62—Davis Studio • 65-67-69 Top-70 Bot.—RNS • 66—Gerhardt • 72—Frank Raflo • 73-74-75—Henry K. Erwin • 2-3-22-23-24-25-43—George P. Miller.

MYF'RS Scale Charlie's Bunion



Lila Erwin pauses to contemplate the rugged beauty of the Great Smokies. A walking stick helped her tote this man-sized pack over 30 miles of winding trails.

A BIG BLACK BEAR, scavenging for food one night last August, sniffed his way among the prostrate forms of 11 snoozing campers under a three-sided shelter in Great Smoky Mountains National Park. One light sleeper, raising an eyelid at the soft noises, bolted suddenly upright, gasping, "Bear! Bear!"

Within seconds, his 10 companions were awake. Someone blurted, "Don't bother him and he won't bother you. We can get rid of him by singing!" Sleepy voices joined in a ragged chorus: *She'll be comin' 'round the mountain* ... Bewildered by the rising din, the shaggy intruder turned and lumbered away into the darkness.

It was the last night of their week-long hike along the Appalachian Trail, the zigzag, mile-high boundary between Tennessee and North Carolina, but not the first time many of these Methodist Youth Fellowship adventurers from Macon (Ga.) District had seen a bear. For every year, a similar MYF group hits the same trail, led by the Rev. Henry K. Erwin of Friendship Methodist Church, Donalsonville, Ga., and his wife, Lila. Last year's hike started at auto-accessible Newfound Gap, near the park's center, and ended at its eastern boundary, Davenport Gap. The adventurous 11 met Scouts, collegians, a whole family, a lone bearded man—and more

Always on the look for tasty handouts, these bruin cubs followed the scent of MYF food. The hikers encountered hungry bears all along the trail—and sometimes in the shelters!

bears. Once, hungry bears completely encircled them!

Each day, the hikers set out at a leisurely pace for the next shelter (about seven miles), often pausing to investigate the natural wonders so abundant in the 800-square-mile mountain wilderness named for the bluish haze which hovers over it. They were most impressed with the view from Charlie's Bunion, a 5,375-foot-high mass of bald rock named, according to tradition, after an early Smokies guide who stopped there a while to ease his sore foot.

The trail shelters in which they bedded down at night had no modern facilities, but these MYFers enjoyed roughing it. They spent four nights in shelters—along with spiders, pack rats, snakes, the inevitable bears, and other hungry or cold creatures. Come morning, they would wash up quickly (it's cold in them thar hills!), feed the glowing campfire until it crackled warmth, then cook a hearty pancake breakfast. All day on the trail, they snacked on cheese, crackers, and cold meats —without hurting appetites for a big chicken supper.

Each morning in this unspoiled wilderness, the youths prayed and sang a hymn. Then, in the quiet of the evening, they had devotionals, a discussion period, and a songfest. By their last night, they had witnessed many signs that "the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof" (Psalms 24:1).

Riding homeward, the happy but footsore MYFers agreed that old Charlie had ample reason for resting on that huge bald rock which today bears his name.

At Tricorner Knob's three-sided shelter, hungry hikers prepare a meal over a smoking fire, just as Cherokees once did in these hills.

Cosby Knob's fireside was perfect for after-dinner singing, devotions, and a gabfest.

Charlie's Bunion, a rare, almost-bald prominence, offered the hikers a rest with a view. Once shaved by glaciers, the range now is generally topped with lush forests.

"IT'S A JOY... MAKES FRIENDS!"

"It was a joy to sell Creative Cards. In spare time I earned nearly $200 for my church and made many new friends." *Mrs. M. G., Iowa*

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